MISS America

JANUARY • 10¢

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HELLO, GIRLS:

YOUR letters are heart-warming, sheer delights. I must confess I am deeply touched by your friendship and interest in MISS AMERICA. I know, with your help, we can make MISS AMERICA the kind of magazine that you will adore—a magazine that will be yours exclusively.

I want you to know, before I plunge into the next paragraph, that your letters mean a great deal to the editorial staff, because it is only through hearing from you that we can give you the kind of magazine you want. And listen, the new contest (I'll tell you more about it in a second) was inspired by your letters; hundreds of you asked for it—and well, MISS AMERICA is *your* magazine and therefore if it's a monthly story and article contest you want—we're here to oblige—with pleasure.

MISS AMERICA will pay $50.00 every month to the winner of the most interesting fiction story or article. Of course, only teen-agers are eligible to compete. You can select your own subject for the article and plots for the fiction.

I'm sure your teacher will be keen about this grand idea to give teen-agers a chance to write about the things other teen-agers like to read. It might be a good idea to discuss your material with your teacher who will, in turn, encourage other girls to compete in this wonderful contest.

A prize-winning story or article will be published every month in MISS AMERICA, together with a few words about the authoress.

I wish I had more room to tell you about the other plans we have for MISS AMERICA, but I guess I'll have to hold them until next month. Meanwhile, girls, don't forget that MISS AMERICA is paying $1.00 for every letter published on the idea we discussed last month—that of telling other girls about yourself, what you're doing, charm hints, and the like.

Affectionately,

JEAN GOODMAN.

Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Reiff; Model Maggi Long; Special Coloring by Barry.

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is published monthly by MISS AMERICA PUBLISHING CORPORATION at 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Price 10c per copy, $1.00 per year. Vol. 1, No. 4, January 1945 issue.

Copyright 1944 by Miss America Publishing Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Application for second-class entry pending. Chicago Advertising office: William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Illinois; New York Advertising office: Allen F. Quigley, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A.

Funnyman Jimmy Durante sings a duet with his best gal—Margaret. Robert Young, Van Johnson—well, just about the most fascinating men in Hollywood today—adore her.

Hollywood's YOUNGER SET...

Trudy's truly wonderful wordage on sweaters, swains and cinema sweeties . . .

By TRUDY SMITH

MAN O' MAN — Girls—if you aren't wearing a twin sweater to match your super-wooper's, then set yourself down and knit one in a hurry! Twin sweaters this season, instead of rings, pins, or crash bracelets, say you're stepping steady! The girls at Hollywood High spend their droop-sessions knitting away. One for her and one for him!

* * *

Dorothy Ford, cute Sugar Plum No. 2 in Selznick's "Since You Went Away" is in a dither. She hasn't found that certain "woo-per" (woo-tosser)—so (*Continued on page* 56)

All of us swoon and sigh over sweet Margaret O'Brien. Margaret graciously signs autographs for two visitors on "Music for Millions" set.

Between takes on the MGM lot the lovable little movie star has a great time playing with her card-board furniture set in the small doll-house she keeps in her pretty dressing room.

Christmas Climax...

Mugsy meant well, Betty knew; she knew, too that he adored her but there was Ray and...

HOLLY wreaths, red paper bells, branches of spruce and hemlock. The girls and boys of Junior High were decorating the auditorium for the Christmas dance.

Betty, balanced on top of a rickety step-ladder, hung a wreath on a nail. "I'm going with Ray. I'm wearing my new dress. I'm the happiest girl in the world." The words rang in her heart like Christmas bells.

By

Frank Martin Webber

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

"Hey, Betty!" Ray yelled from where he lounged in a chair tilted against the wall. "That wreath's crooked as a dog's hind leg." Betty's heart beat faster as she balanced on the rickety ladder.

"Hey, Betty!" Ray yelled from where he lounged in a chair tilted against the wall. "That wreath's crooked as a dog's hind leg."

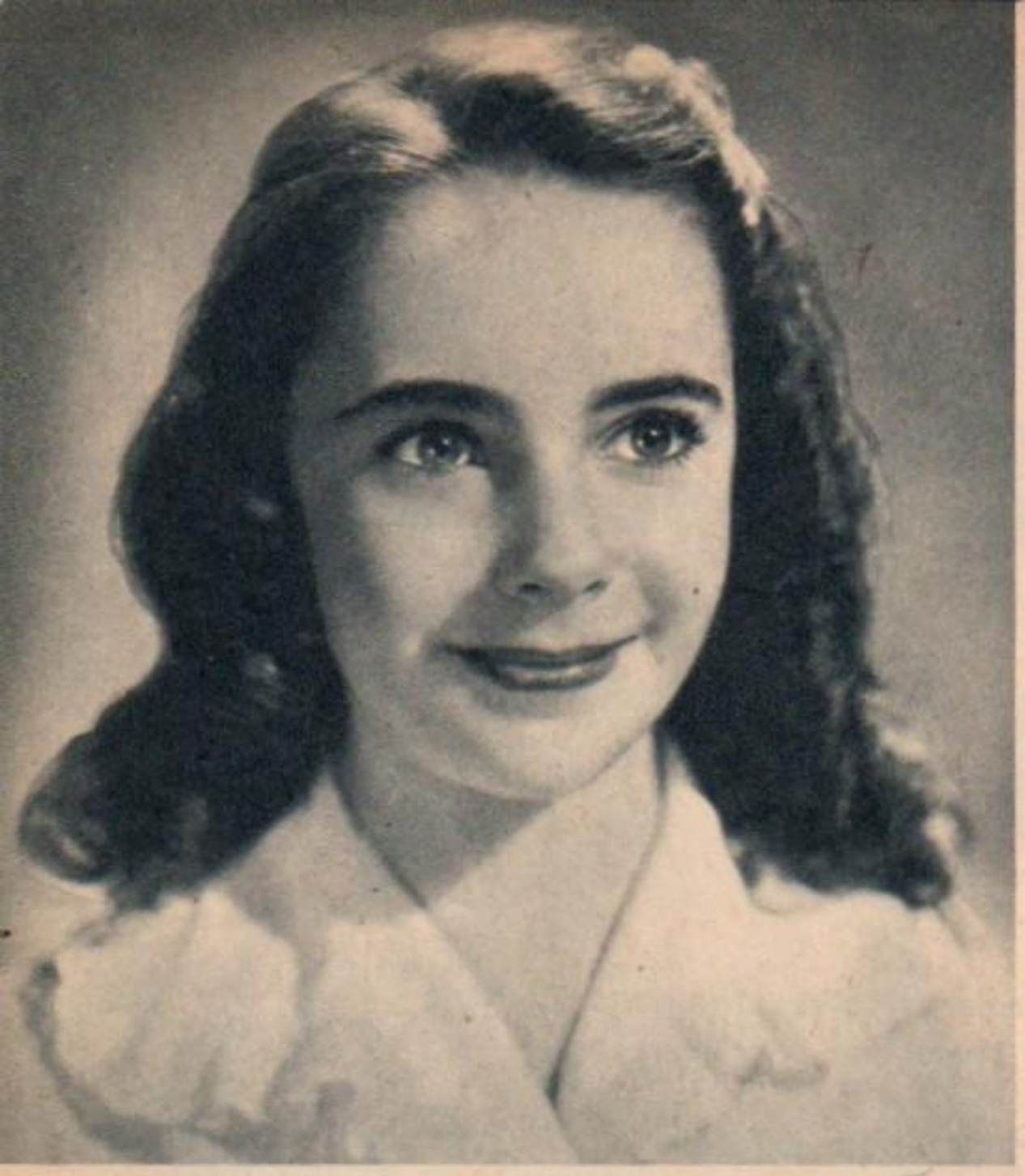
Betty's face flushed as red as the hollyberries in her hand. She climbed down from the ladder without a word.

Mugsy saw red. Not the gay and cheerful red of the paper bells, but the dark, thick red of rage. If Ray didn't stop making Betty feel bad with his smart remarks, Mugsy was going to paste him one, some day.

"Time to quit for lunch," somebody shouted. It was a signal for the gang to grab their wraps.

Mugsy brought Betty's galoshes. He would have liked to get down on his knees and slip them over her

(*Cont'd on page* 60)

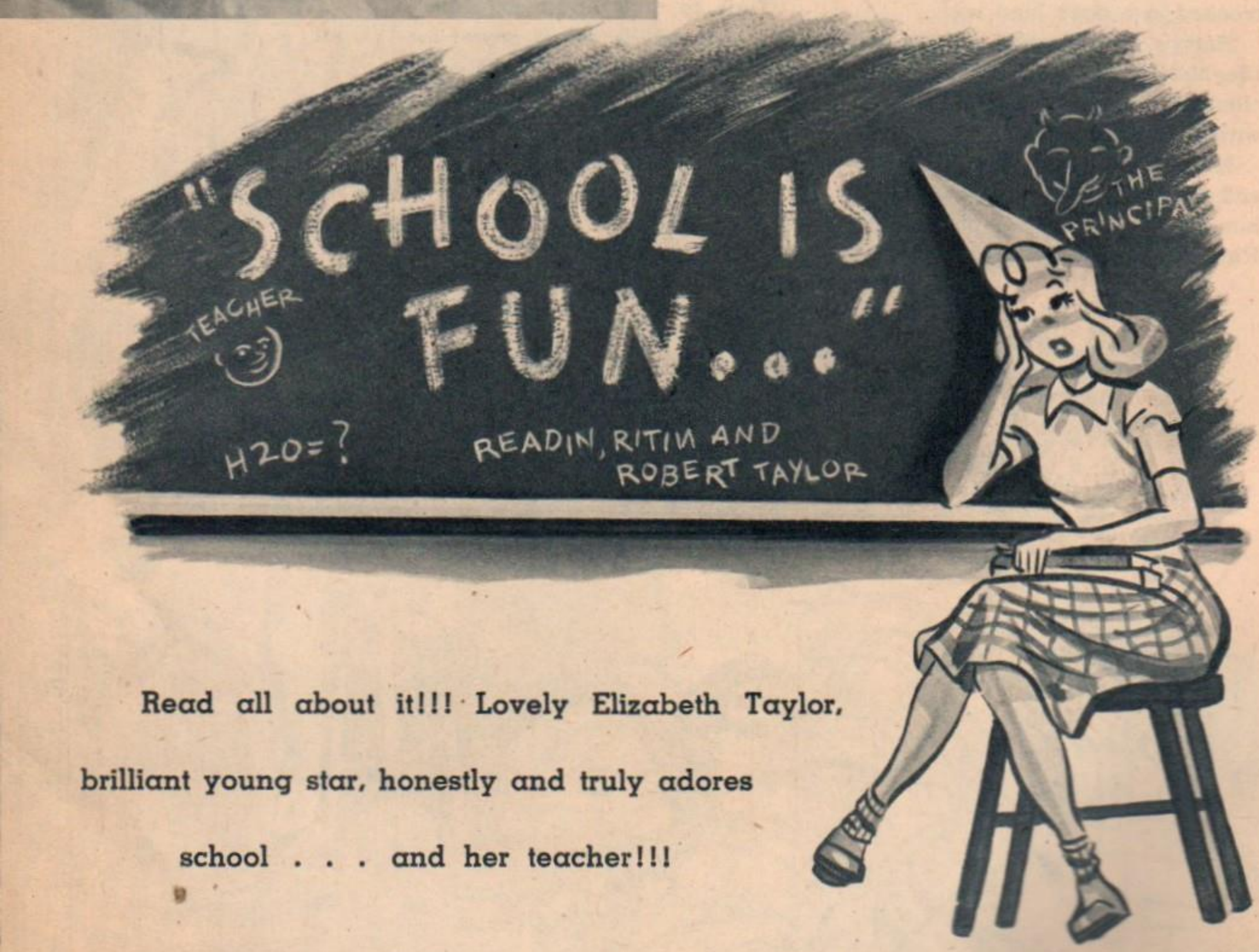


GOING to school every day inside of a movie studio is plenty exciting. You can take Elizabeth Taylor's word for it. Elizabeth, as you know, is the twelve-year-old Miss who played the title role in "National Velvet," the MGM picture starring Mickey Rooney. Two years ago she made her screen debut with Roddy McDowall in "Lassie Come Home."

In her Beverly Hills home, with her two kittens, black and white Jack and Jill in her arms, Elizabeth recited the schedule for movie player students who must learn their reading and writing and arithmetic, even as you and I.

"During a picture we have a tutor on the set. Otherwise, we go to the MGM school house. It is a little stucco building with two

English-born Elizabeth Taylor is bright, beautiful and talented. Doesn't she resemble the gorgeous and patriotic Vivien Leigh of "Gone With the Wind" fame?



Read all about it!!! Lovely Elizabeth Taylor, brilliant young star, honestly and truly adores school . . . and her teacher!!!

The adorable star, who captured American audiences in "Lassie Come Home," wears pretty, girlish clothes. She loves these cute slacks with the ruffled pockets.

Elizabeth, Mickey Rooney and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins co-star in "National Velvet," which is a swell story of English steeplechase racing.

palm trees in front. There's a large room for permanent students, and a small one for the non-contract players.

"Juanita Quigley, 13, Jane Powell, 15, and Dolores Day, 15, are my school mates. We have three hours study a day.

"This is the same school house where Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, and Mickey Rooney were once students. And whenever Mickey sees me with my books, he shakes his head and says, 'What a pity! I can feel for you.'

"Some people seem to think that it is difficult to study lessons and make pictures at the same time," Elizabeth recounted. "It really isn't, for I read my lines just before I go to bed, and the next morning I know them.

(*Continued on page* 48)

By MIMI COLLINS

Here's the charming teen-age star ready to leave for the "little MGM schoolhouse," in her favorite jelly-bean blue dress, with bright red braid and ruffles.

Soot and Satan

A chuckle in every other line—and between the lines you'll root for the lassie who managed, somehow, to get into too much hot water . . .

By MAXINE SHORE

IN DENIM shorts, Judy Vance hopped and plunged through brush and weeds, grabbing wildly for the black streak ahead of her. At the end of four or five minutes, she stood up, red-faced and victorious.

"I got him!" she panted. "Sheila, I got him!"

Sheila Baker, who had been offering shrill encouragement but no physical assistance, offered congratulations. But Judy was too involved just then to bask in her well-earned triumph. Both hands were full of black feathers and squirming legs. The young crow was squawking and biting.

"Bring the bag, slowpoke!" shrieked Judy. "Oh—he almost got away! Hurry—the bag!"

Sheila detached a finger of brush caught in a fold of her flowered skirt, closed her eyes, and waded into the thicket. In no time, the captured crow was flopping in the bottom of the sack. Judy tied the top securely.

Sheila nursed her finger. "Nasty thing bit me," she said plaintively. "Honestly, Judy, are you sure this bird will work the way you think he will?"

"It takes a thief to catch a thief," said Judy, removing leaves and twigs from her long, honey-colored hair. "If only I'd thought of that before I got into so much trouble!"

"Trouble is right!"

"But now everything's going to work out swell."

"Maybe," said Sheila.

"Don't be subversive," said Judy coldly. "Just wait and see. Now, I'll be able to get Mr. Fridley's watch fob and chain back, and there won't be any lawsuit, and my father will speak to me kindly again, instead of just barking."

All the way back to town on their bicycles, Judy told Sheila what a clever idea it was. A thief to catch a thief! The booty and product of old Soot's thousand crimes could be gathered up and restored to the rightful owners. Mr. Fridley wouldn't prosecute. Mrs. Emery wouldn't wail any more over the loss of the earrings that had been in the family, until Soot got hold of them, for two hundred years. But, most important of all, old Soot himself would escape the executioner's axe.

Pedaling fast, they rounded the corner.

"L-look!" said Sheila, pointing. "All those people, Judy —in front of your house."

It was all too true, Jury saw, miserably. Determined-looking ladies sitting in the porch swing. Grim-lipped men on the steps. Children swinging on the gate. More neighbors walking irately up the front walk.

Judy gulped. "Oh, my goodness!" She wheeled her bicycle, pedaled back around the corner.

Sheila followed. "I guess your mother isn't home," she said.

"Gone to the Red Cross," said Judy. "I—I think we'll have to cut across lots and sneak in the back way."

"You mean—"

"You know very well those people all want to see me. —about Soot. I guess," said Judy ruefully, "he's had a busy morning.

IN AN incredible room on the second floor of Judy Vance's home, they closed the door softly behind (*Continued on page* 62)

"I got him;" Judy cried. "Sheila, I got him! Give me the bag—hurry—or he'll get away."

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER DRIBEN

"Jeepers!" Judy wailed. Soot had resentment in his eyes, and brooding suspicion. Apparently he didn't like the idea of Judy climbing up the tree.

Merry Modes...

Gay Clothes to warm any girl's heart . . .

Prices mentioned are approximate.

a A Sheila June spun rayon blouse by Nodler. Cohama covert cloth skirt with saddle stitch detail by Markan, $5. All wool Craft sweater in gay colors, $3. Sizes 10 to 16. Shoulder pin of red wooden cherries, by Coro, $1.

b For special dates, this Devonshire dress of rayon gabardine with contrasting ribbon trim and studded bows, is divine. Sizes 9 to 15. In lovely colors. Under $12. At Hecht Co. Washington, D. C. Bracelet in crayon colors, $1.

c A comfy all-wool fleece coat by Bambury Hi. in orchid, green, red, has deep armhole with broad shoulders. Sizes 9 to 15. $30. Worn with Glentex Scarf, $2.25. Note John Fredericks Jr. hat with cute clock face in wool yarn. At Lord & Taylor, N. Y. $4.95.

d Starlight Fashion dance dress with shirred bodice, full puff sleeves, and flowing skirt, in white, pink, powder blue, aqua. Sizes 9 to 15. $9. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y. Pearl bowknot on velvet wristband and neckband, each $1.00. Pearl bowknot for hair, $2.00. Jewelry by Coro.

Dear Betty Ann:—

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
November 16, 1944

Dear Betts:

In my moment of triumph, I am devastatingly in need of an understanding soul—which of course, means you, my oldest, my dearest and my most faithful friend. (Even Sally isn't speaking to me. But that's not exactly her fault. Her mother says she can't.) For all of my glory is turning to wormwood—or whatever the poets call it. The reason being, that my photograph is in all of the evening's papers with the caption "Poser for Lana." Did you see it, Betts? It went wire service, so I am now known all over the world!

To me that is perfectly super! But is Pops mad! And Mom is in her bedroom—crying! Aren't parents pathetic? They can't realize that all of this is simply too, too, too for my future. That Hollywood has discovered me! That there hasn't been a single other girl at Hollywood High this year who's had her photograph published Coast to Coast.

Pops said that I am an EXTREME case of exaggerated adolescence, a problem that should be thrashed out at the next meeting of the board of directors of the Parents and Teachers Association. Mom said, "Charles Dunford, you simply can't do that and make Victoria a spectacle before the whole school!"

Victoria Allen Dunford, Hollywood's popular pin-up sub-deb (so she thinks), writes her chum, Betty Ann, the real inside truth concerning her meeting with Lana Turner and the exciting consequences . . .

Pops threw the papers carrying my picture down on the floor and exploded, "What do you call this? That's the finest spectacle I have ever seen a child make of herself. Even the boys at the club gave me the sly wink over their papers this afternoon. "Dunford's trying to get his daughter into the movies!" they said. "Yeah-Yah," Pops roared.

Why is it, Betts, that everything I plan simply turns out so awfully different from my expectations? Betts, I do have such beautiful ideas. Pops says that is what is the trouble with me—I have too many.

It all started with Rusty. You remember Rusty Bramwell, The Third—who's so super at school? I wrote to you about Rusty and about Walter Miller loaning him the money to take me to the movies. Well, not loaning it, exactly—but giving it to him because Walter had caused me to be embarrassed by rushing me up to Rusty and saying I wanted a dance. And Rusty's ex-girl friend (notice I said "ex-") humiliated me by refusing to relinquish Rusty?

Well, anyway, Rusty and I went to see Lana Turner's newest movie—seeing's how I look so much like Lana and act and think exactly the same way Lana does. After the movie Rusty suggested that we go shopping for a chocolate malt, which I thought was perfectly super.

"Lana and I are so much alike," I said to Rusty. And he was (Continued on page 44)

YOUR MANNERS are showing...

Take a gander at these vivid word pictures. . . . We hope it doesn't describe you—and shame, shame if it does . . .

By TINA TRAVERS

BUT you can set manners right the same as you'd take a hitch in a shoulder strap if it was your slip.

Since there's a war going on, let's begin with a situation every girl meets head-on on the streets these days.

It's bad manners, when a lonesome boy in uniform grins and calls "Hi!" for you to stick your nose in the air and sail by with tight lips and eyes downcast. It's good manners to answer, "Hello!" But—remember this—it's bad manners to slow your pace and throw him a sidelong glance. It's good maners to keep going, and with your eyes straight ahead. To pick-up is bad. To be friendly is nice.

And let's give the home-boy a break. You have one, of course, and if he's your slave, it's bad manners to take advantage (*Continued on page* 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMER TOMASCH

THIS IS ABOUT YOU AND YOU . . . TOO MANY YOUS . . . Let's do something—now— about making up our minds . . .

Make Up Your Mind !

By JANET MARTIN

MENTAL stuttering is more common among young girls than one might think. All of us know the lassie who can't make up her mind in the morning as to the dress she'll wear for the day. At lunch time she can't decide what she wants to eat. In the evening she doesn't know whether to go to a dance or a movie. If she finally decides on the movie, she ponders and ponders: What picture?

And so on and on and on until she's the death of every party. Now all that wouldn't be so bad, since, after all, it isn't a matter of life and death whether she wears the pink satin or the blue ruffled affair; her destiny won't depend upon whether she has roast beef or a tomato-and-lettuce sandwich for lunch; the world doesn't stop rotating on its axis if she picks the movie instead of the dance; and no catastrophe will ensue if she sees Ginger Rogers in "Lady In The Dark" instead of a revival of "It Happened One Night."

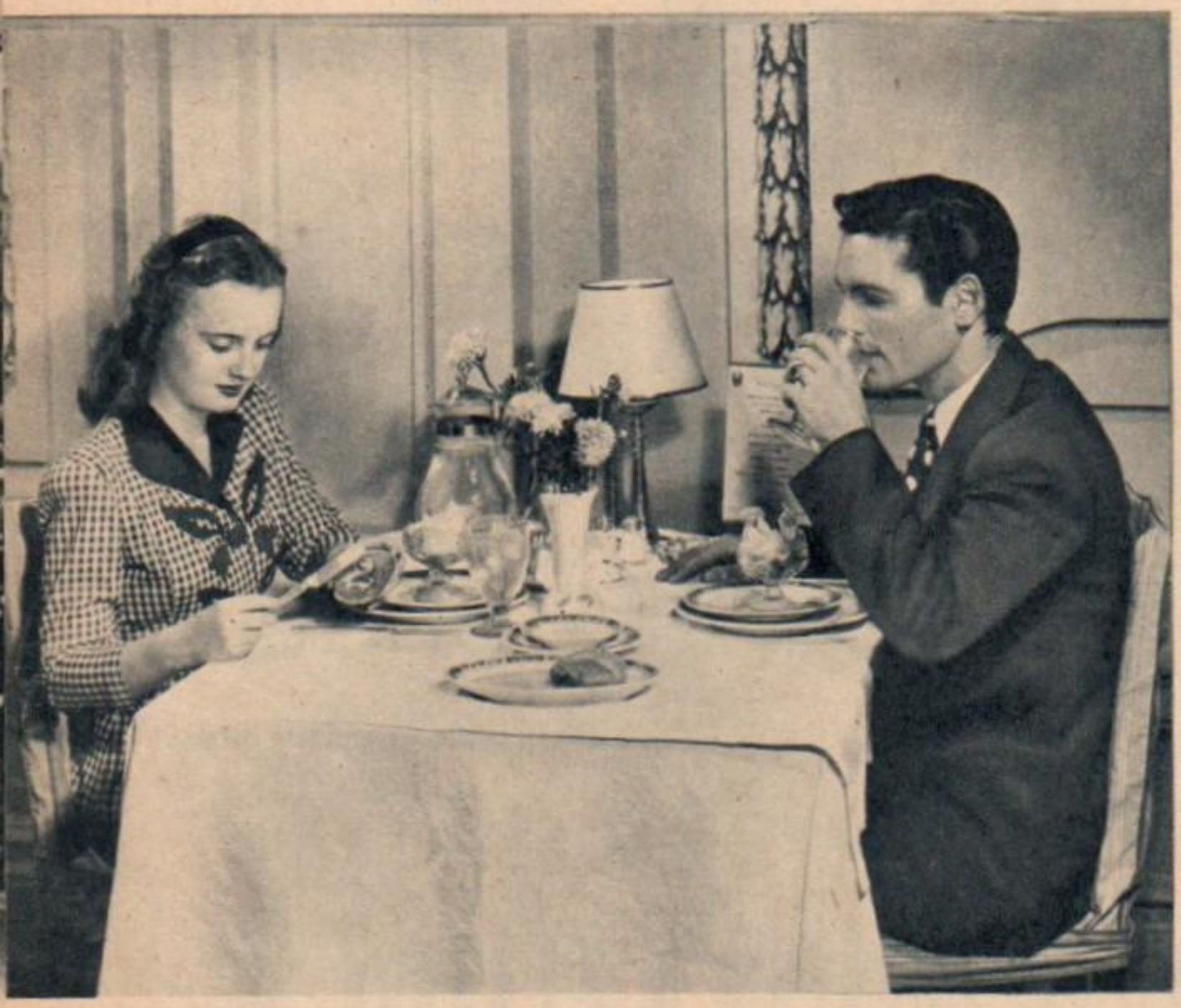
What makes this sort of mental stuttering of the most vital importance, however, is that it is typical of a way of life. The girl whose mind stutters when little things are involved is the sort of girl who doesn't seem to have the power of decision in the big things. Indecision is a habit—a bad habit—a habit that can destroy a girl's future happiness.

What happens to a mental stutterer when her career is at stake? She can't make up her mind whether to be a model or a designer or a sales clerk or a Hollywood star. She's always taking courses in this or that and then changing her mind in midstream. Her dreams roam all over creation, but she never gets down (*Continued on page* 34)

Right, This Way...

By LUCY HEDGE

Introducing (and we had better do it properly), our right-hand gal, Lucy Hedge. . . . Lucy will show you how to stay on the beam, by making your "teas" and "cues" spell e-t-i-q-u-e-t-t-e...



Wrong: Uh, uh, little lady! Better break that roll to avoid clumsy spreading of butter, and to change the disapproving light in the young man's eyes. Bread is always easier to handle when broken.

HELLO.

I'll bet you're wondering how I got in here. Since MISS AMERICA is YOUR magazine you have a right to know.

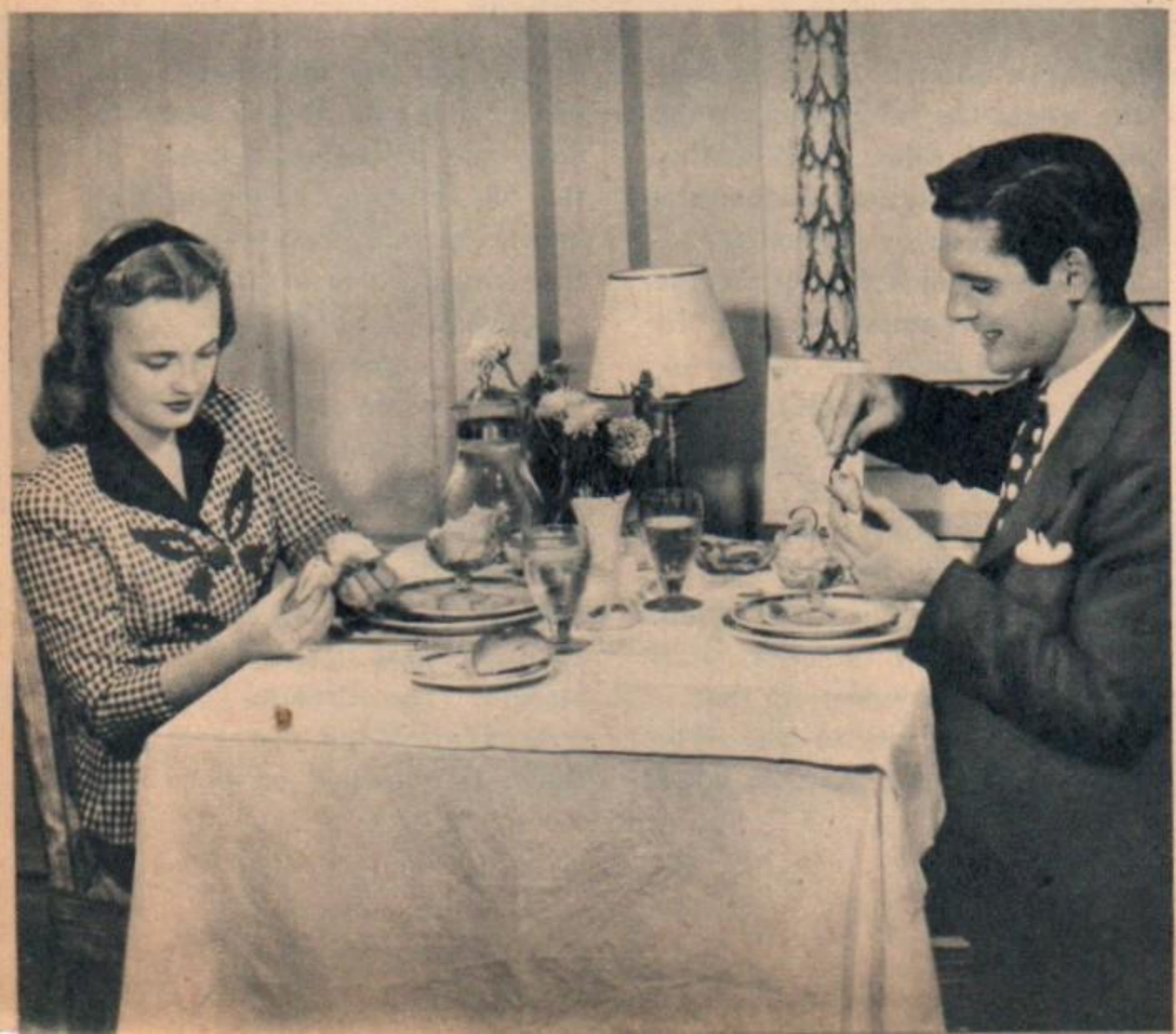
Your friendly editor called me in. "Lucy," she said, "you're an old timer at this etiquette business—an authority, so to speak. I want you to do a monthly feature telling teen-age girls the right way to do and act and say."

"Are you kidding?" I asked. "Nobody can tell teen-age girls *anything*. They already know everything."

"Now, now, Lucy," she protested. "Don't be so cynical. Anyhow, the teen-agers who read MISS AMERICA are a very special bunch and they're anxious to learn."

Well, I guess she's right, but I'd like a little proof. If you girls really *do* want to learn, suppose you show me by asking questions. I'll answer as many as possible in the column.

You know, etiquette is far more (*Continued on page* 43)



Right: Now, everyone is happy, as our fair young miss, correctly splits her roll, while her smiling dinner companion spreads butter over a portion of his.

Miss Heatherby...

By DOROTHY WENDELL

This delightful story proves that girls were the same twenty years ago as they are today . . . Ask your mama

WE NEVER knew what her first name was. She was always Miss Heatherby to us. She looms out of the shadowy vistas of my childhood recollections as a small figure in white blouse and black accordion-pleated skirt—a skirt short enough to reveal only a small portion of spindled calf. Her tiny feet were shapeless in her black ballet slippers. The toe dancer's well-developed instep and arch were not for Miss Heatherby. She taught "fancy dancing," a form of terpsichore which did not require much muscular development

"Nature made us as we are," she would inform us, in a voice as flat as her feet. This seemed to us an eternal truth, not to be disputed.

Before I joined Miss Heatherby's class I yearned to stand on my toes. I accomplished this feat by putting two combs in the soles of my ballet slippers. I also had a secret ambition to kick the back of my head. I had seen vaudeville performers do this with the greatest of ease. I tried it in my room, holding on to the foot of my bed, before a pier mirror. I did it, too, after many painful attempts, but the effect never seemed right to me, although there (*Continued on page* 33)

I always yearned to stand on my toes. I accomplished this feat by putting two combs in the soles of my ballet slippers.

pleasant and cheerful until Mom and Dad retreat understandingly to the nearest movie, leaving you and Johnny in sole possession of the living room.

And suddenly there doesn't seem to be a thing you have to say to each other. You remember that you really didn't know Johnny so awfully well before he left for camp. You recall with horror, that Johnny never did have much to say for himself, although at the time you considered the strong, silent type definitely romantic. Now, his reticence seems far less of an asset. (*Continued on page* 34)

SO YOU KNOW *All* THE ANSWERS!

That's nice—but how about the questions ? ? ?

Read this before you see your date-bait . . .

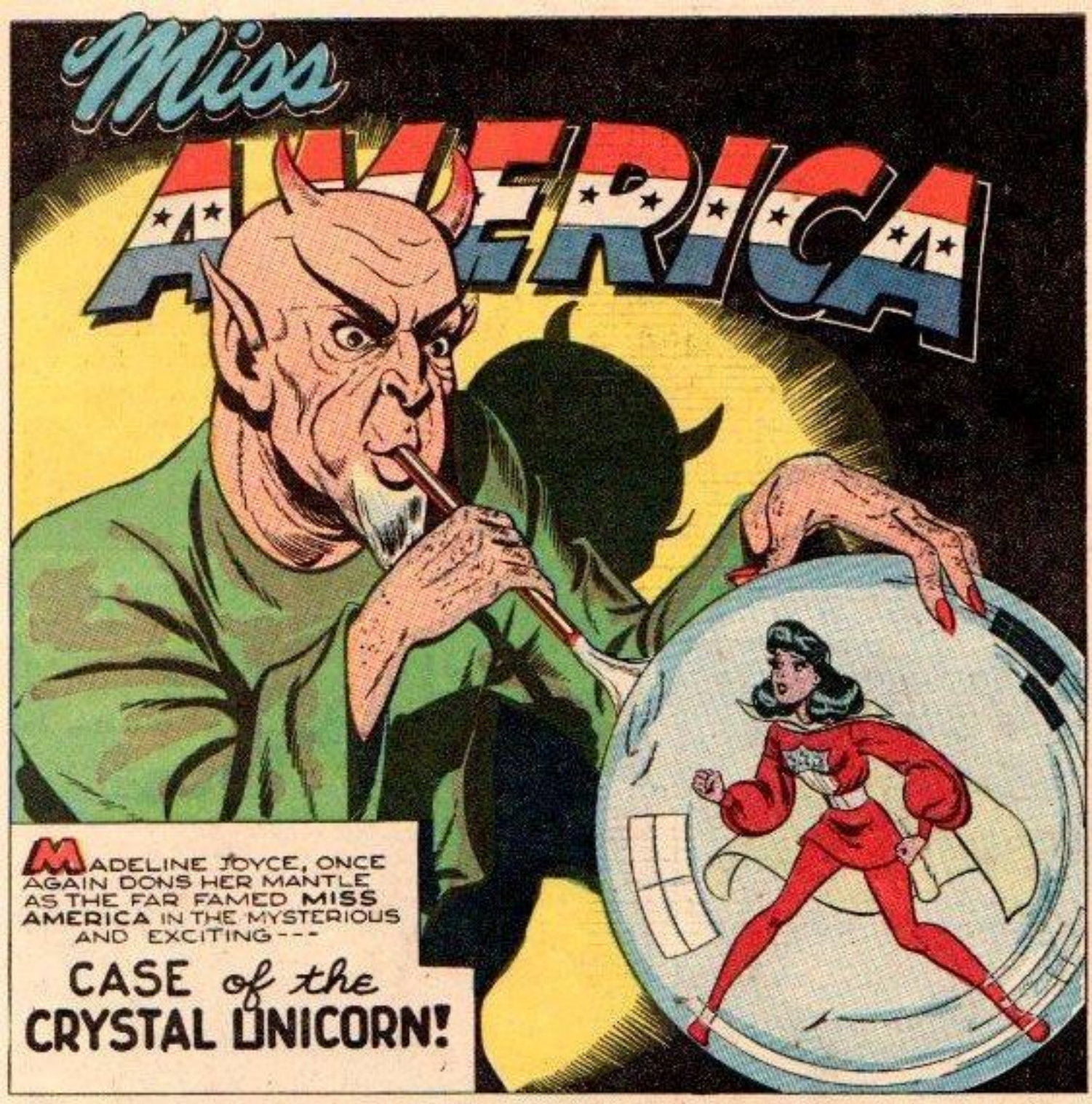
By ROSALIE WILSON

YOU'RE perfectly thrilled. Those letters you have written Johnny at camp so regularly and patriotically have paid dividends because Johnny finally got a furlough and asked you for a date his second night home. Virtue, you feel smugly, is its own reward.

Johnny shows up promptly at the stroke of eight, and he looks astonishingly like another person. He's browned and he's put on a little weight in the chest region and he walks like he's inherited the earth. You are suddenly glad that it's to be one of those evenings at home where the competition is nil.

The conversation is brisk,

Miss AMERICA



MADELINE JOYCE, ONCE AGAIN DONS HER MANTLE AS THE FAR FAMED **MISS AMERICA** IN THE MYSTERIOUS AND EXCITING---

CASE of the CRYSTAL UNICORN!

MADELINE JOYCE, HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER A DAY'S SHOPPING IS ATTRACTED BY A CROWD BEFORE A MAIN AVENUE SHOP!

IMAGINE ME RUBBERNECKING, YET I CAN'T RESIST THE URGE TO GET A PEEP MYSELF! I'LL LEAVE THESE BUNDLES IN THE CAR!

AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF GOOD NATURED PUSHING AND MANUEVERING, MADELINE GAINS A POINT OF VANTAGE!

IMAGINE! A FEW SECONDS AGO IT WAS JUST GLASS AND NOW IT'S A SWAN!

I MUST GET SOMETHING FOR UNCLE JIM'S DEN!

INSIDE THE SHOP, WHILE WAITING HER TURN TO BE SERVED, MADELINE OVERHEARS THE LOUD HAUGHTY TONES OF AN INDIGNANT CUSTOMER!

BUT MRS. VAN EMERY LUCRE! YOU MIS- UNDERSTAND--
BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "IT IS NOT FOR SALE?"
THE MRS. LUCRE! NO WONDER THE SALES- MAN IS YAWNING ALL OVER THE PLACE!

DEAR LADY, ALL THESE ARE DISPLAY SAMPLES! HOWEVER, WE SHOULD DEEM IT A PRIVILEDGE TO DUPLICATE THIS MASTER CREATION FOR YOU!

THE QUIET OF THE SHOP IS SUDDENLY BROKEN AS MADELINE SLIDES BACK THE GLASS COVERS AND TAKES THE PEACOCK FROM THE CASE!

PRICELESS CRAFTSMANSHIP! THE VERY THING FOR THE MALE! NOTE THE STRENGTH OF LINE IN THIS UNUSUAL CREATION!
IT IS NICE! HOW SOON CAN YOU MAKE ONE UP FOR ME?
AH! MRS. RITZBILT! OH JOHN! PACK THE STAG FOR MADAME! THE PRICE IS $25.00!
BUT-I--THOUGHT--??
THAT'S FUNNY, HE TOLD MRS. LUCRE NONE OF THESE OBJECTS WERE FOR SALE AND THEN SOLD ME THE STAG--??
HERE YOU ARE, LADY!
YOU SAID IT WOULD BE READY TODAY AND I THOUGHT I WOULD TAKE IT ALONG WITH ME!
A THOUSAND PARDONS, MRS. RITZBILT! SO WE DID! HOW CAN I BEGIN TO EXPLAIN!
IT LOOKS COMPLETE TO ME!
AH! SO IT DOES! WE ARTISTS CANNOT EXPECT THE LAYMAN TO UNDERSTAND THE FINAL TOUCHES! YOU MUST ALLOW US ANOTHER 24 HOURS! IT SHALL BE DELIVERED TOMORROW EVENING!
HOURS LATER IN HER UNCLE'S DEN!
STILL PLAYING WITH THAT GLASS STAG! ANYTHING WRONG? YOU SEEM PREOCCUPIED!
IT'S NOTHING, UNCLE JIM! JUST A SLIGHT HEADACHE! THINK I'LL GO FOR A WALK!

MADELINE, BUSY WITH HER THOUGHTS, IS UNAWARE HER STEPS HAVE BEEN DIRECTED TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE GLASS SHOP AS IF BY SOME STRANGE MAGNETIC FORCE!

SILLY OF ME TO PUZZLE ABOUT IT! YET I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHY I WAS ALLOWED TO BUY THE STAG AND MRS. LUCRE WAS TOLD HERS WOULD HAVE TO BE MADE UP??

THEN, TELLING MRS. RITZBILT THAT THE PEACOCK WASN'T READY?? I HELD IT AND EXAMINED IT AND I COULD SWEAR IT WAS FINISHED?? OOPS! AN ELEVATOR COMING UP! GOOD GOSH! THE GLASS SHOP? HOW DID I GET HERE!?!

MAISON CRISTAL

OBJECTS D'ART

R-R-RING-G

O.K.--- COAST IS CLEAR! GET IT ON THE TRUCK! HURRY!

I HAVE AN IDEA MY HUNCH ABOUT SOMETHING BREWING HERE IS GOING TO BLOSSOM INTO SOMETHING REAL BIG!

HMN? STRANGE TIME OF NIGHT TO MAKE DELIVERIES! AND THAT CASE SEEMS QUITE HEAVY! I THINK MISS AMERICA WILL BE TAKING OVER FROM HERE!

MAISON CRISTAL

MAISON CRISTAL OBJECTS D'ART

HIGH IN THE AIR, MISS AMERICA FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THE DELIVERY TRUCK TO A DARK, DESERTED SECTION OF THE RIVER FRONT!

THE GLASS BLOWER AND THAT OILY SALESMAN DUCKED BACK INTO THE SHOP AND LEFT THE DELIVERY OF THAT HEAVY CASE TO THE PORTER AND BOOKKEEPER---OH, OH! THEY TURNED AND ARE DRIVING OUT TO THE END OF THE PIER!

SO, "MAISON DE CRISTAL" PLANNED TO DELIVER THAT CASE TO THE RIVER BOTTOM! TIME WE STOPPED DELIVERY!

OUT OF MY WAY, LITTLE MAN! THE BIG GUY FIRST!

HEY! YO-W-EOF-F!

WHAT THE---?

DON'T BE IMPATIENT, RUNT! YOUR TURN'LL COME!

Y-EOWW! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HER IN THE DARK! THAT'S **MISS AMERICA!**

BOP!

ON YOUR FEET! WHAT'S YOUR GAME? THE BOOKKEEPER HAS STARTED THE TRUCK! OOPS--- THERE GOES THE CASE INTO THE RIVER!

MAISON CRISTAL OBJECTS DART

SUMMONING ALL HER STRENGTH, MISS AMERICA PREVENTS THE MYSTERIOUS CASE FROM TOPPLING INTO THE DARK WATERS! SIMULTANEOUSLY, A POLICE WHISTLE PIERCES THE NIGHT!

THERE THEY GO-SCURRYING LIKE RATS! IT WAS EITHER SAVING THE CASE OR LETTING THEM ESCAPE! MEANWHILE---

W-H-I-R-R-R-R-R-R-

NOW TO SEE WHAT THAT SHADY QUARTETTE WERE TRYING TO GET RID OF! HELLO, OFFICER!

I GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! UP WITH YOUR HANDS! (GULP) IT'S MISS AMERICA!

AS THE CASE IS TORN APART, THE FLASHLIGHT PICKS OUT A GRUESOME SIGHT!

(GASP) DEAD AS A MACKEREL! WONDER WHO HE IS?

THOSE WEIGHTS WOULD HAVE KEPT HIM AT THE RIVER'S BOTTOM FOR ALL TIME! HMNN??

WHILE THE OFFICER STOOPS FOR A CLOSE VIEW, MISS AMERICA SEES A SMALL BLACK NOTEBOOK ON THE GROUND!

ALL IDENTIFICATION MARKS'VE BEEN REMOVED! WHAT'S THAT? DID YOU FIND SOMETHING?

WHY---NO!

I'D WAGER ONE OF THOSE TWO ESCAPING RATS DROPPED IT!

CAN'T SEE VERY MUCH IN THE DARK! I'LL HAVE A BETTER LOOK BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE POLICE!

FUNNY, BUT I THINK I KNOW THE VICTIM!

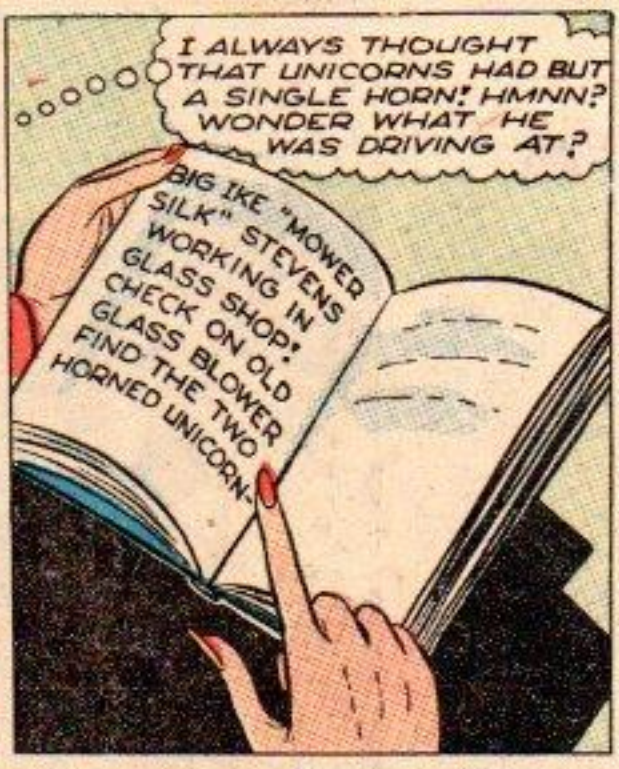
SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW HIM, OFFICER? COULD HE BE A-- DETECTIVE TIMMONS??
OF COURSE! TIMMONS! SAW HIM AT HEAD-QUARTERS SEVERAL TIMES! HOW DID YOU KNOW?
W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO MAKE SURE THAT THE BIRDS HAVEN'T TAKEN WING! THANKS, OFFICER!
MOMENTS LATER, MISS AMERICA PEEKS INTO THE DIMLY LIT SHOP THRU A NARROW SLIT IN THE DOOR SHADE!
HMN?? HEADED RIGHT BACK TO THE SHOP! ALL FOUR ARE IN A HUDDLE IN THERE! NO SIGN OF THEM LEAVING--- I'LL DUCK INTO THE NEXT DOORWAY AND WATCH-- JUST IN CASE!
AND INSIDE THE SHOP--
IT WAS MISS AMERICA!
WE'D BETTER MOVE ON!
I'M RUNNING THINGS AND NO ONE BOWS OUT UNTIL I SAY SO! MISS AMERICA-- BAH!
THEY MAY BE RIGHT, BOSS! THE LAW MAY BE WHISTLING AROUND US ANY SECOND!
SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU! I'LL KILL THE FIRST MAN WHO LEAVES!
THE POLICE HAVE NOTHING ON US! HOW ARE THEY GOING TO PROVE THE CASE CAME FROM HERE! IF MISS AMERICA COMES SNOOPING AROUND, I CAN DEAL WITH HER! YOU ACTED THE SAME WAY WHEN THAT COP, TIMMONS STUMBLED IN ON US!

THE BOSS IS RIGHT! TIMMONS ADMITTED THAT HE WAS ON A ROUTINE INVESTIGATION AND THE POLICE HAD NOTHING ON US BEFORE WE GAVE HIM THE WORKS!
I STILL DON'T LIKE THE WHOLE SET-UP!

HOW ABOUT A COMPROMISE? SUPPOSE WE CALL IT QUITS AFTER THE RITZBILT HAUL TOMORROW NIGHT!
WELL--- O.K., WE'LL PULL THAT JOB AND THEN DIVIDE!

MAINTAINING HER LONELY VIGIL, MISS AMERICA PUZZLES OVER SEVERAL NOTES IN DETECTIVE TIMMONS' LITTLE BLACK BOOK!

THIS NOTE SAYS "CRAWLER" TURNER, PAROLE LAMISTER WORKING IN GLASS SHOP" AND ADDS THAT TIMMONS CHECKED AND THINKS HE HAS STUMBLED ON A CLUE TO THE "SOCIETY ROBBERIES!"


I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT UNICORNS HAD BUT A SINGLE HORN! HMNN? WONDER WHAT HE WAS DRIVING AT?
BIG IKE "MOWER SILK" STEVENS WORKING IN GLASS SHOP! CHECK ON OLD GLASS BLOWER FIND THE TWO HORNED UNICORN-

THEN, AS DAWN BREAKS--
THEY NEVER CAME OUT OF THE SHOP! THEY MUST HAVE LIVING QUARTERS THERE AND ARE DETERMINED TO CARRY ON WITH THEIR DIRTY WORK! BETTER GET GOING! STREETS COMING TO LIFE!

BEEN TWO HOURS DIGGING UP THIS INFORMATION FOR YOU! HERE IT IS! CRAWLER TURNER IS A BURGLAR KNOWN AS THE HUMAN FLY! BIG IKE IS A SAFE CRACKER! SILK STEVENS IS A CONFIDENCE MAN!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE TWO HORNED UNICORN?

NOT A THING ON ANYONE BY THAT NAME! NOW TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

SURE I WILL! IF YOU BREAK DOWN AND ADMIT THAT WHO-EVER KILLED TIMMONS HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THESE "SOCIETY ROBBERIES" WHICH YOU STILL DENY OCCURED!

O.K., YOU WIN! THERE WERE SIX BIG JEWEL JOBS! DIDN'T WANT PUBLICITY--PEOPLE IN-VOLVED ARE BIG NAMES! BUT--TIMMONS WASN'T ON THE CASE OFFICIALLY!

NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME THE NAMES OF THE VICTIMS---

AFTER OBTAINING THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES FROM THE INSPECTOR, MISS AMERICA ZOOMS AWAY!

YOU HYPNOTIZED ME INTO GIVING YOU THAT LIST! YOU-YOU SIREN!

THANKS! YOU WON'T BE SORRY I DID! SO LONG!

NOW FOR A HOT TUB AND A FEW WINKS OF SLEEP! THEN ON TO HUNT FOR A TWO HORNED UNICORN! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN BEFORE THIS EVENING--I HOPE!

EVENING FINDS MADELINE RINGING THE BELL AT THE FIRST HOUSE ON THE ROBBERY LIST!

INSPECTOR TATE SENT ME TO CHECK ON THE ROBBERY! SOME NEW CLUE THAT MAY SOLVE THE CASE!

VERY WELL, MISS! COME IN!

DID YOU SEE A TWO HORNED UNICORN WHEN YOU PURCHASED THIS AT THE GLASS SHOP?

I WAS SO INTERESTED IN THAT CRYSTAL ORCHID AND DIDN'T LOOK AT MUCH ELSE ON DISPLAY!

AND SO ON TO ANOTHER HOME OF A WEALTHY VICTIM!

ISN'T IT JUST **TOO** LIFE-LIKE! I ADORE SNAKES! I SAW NO UNICORN, BUT YOU MUST STAY AND SEE MY COLLECTION!

THANK YOU! SOME OTHER TIME PERHAPS!--GOOD-BYE!

THE SIXTH AND LAST HOUSE ON THE LIST!

EVERY HOME ON THE LIST BOUGHT SOME CRYSTAL OBJECT FROM THE SHOP, BUT NO UNICORN! WELL--I HOPE IT'S HERE!

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THEN--THE CRYSTAL UNICORN!

UNICORN? WHY YES--I THINK SO!

THINK SO? YOU KNOW VERY WELL WE GOT IT AT THE SHOP ON MAIN AVENUE! IT'S IN THE CASE THERE!

A STUNNED AND DISAPPOINTED MADELINE TRIES TO GRAPPLE WITH THE MYSTERIOUS TURN OF EVENTS!

BUT--THIS HAS ONLY ONE HORN?? ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE SAME ONE YOU BOUGHT AT THE SHOP?

OF COURSE!

MY DEAR, YOU ARE MISTAKEN!

HOW DARE YOU CONTRADICT ME? IT HAD ONE HORN!

THERE WERE TWO HORNS!

ELEVEN THIRTY! TIME I WAS AT THE RITZBILTS!

ONCE OUTSIDE, MADELINE SWIFTLY SWITCHES TO MISS AMERICA, MAKING HER WAY TO THE RITZBILT MANSION! ENTERING SILENTLY, SHE FINDS THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD IN DEEP SLUMBER---

HERE IT IS--THE PEACOCK! I KNOW NOW THAT ALL THE CRYSTAL FIGURES HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE ROBBERIES! SOMETHING SHOULD POP SOON! IT ALWAYS DOES AT MIDNIGHT!

SUDDENLY, MISS AMERICA'S HEAVY LIDDED EYES POP WIDE IN ASTONISHMENT--

(YAWN) WONDER IF THAT MAN WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT UNICORN HAVING TWO HORNS?? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?? GOSH! I'M GETTING DROWSY! HEY-- THE PEACOCK!??

AS MISS AMERICA LOSES HER FIGHT TO REACH THE WINDOW--

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, MISS AMERICA RECOVERS TO FIND HERSELF A PRISONER IN THE CELLAR OF THE GLASS SHOP!

COME ON! I'M FREEZING! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING!

NOT UNTIL I BID MISS AMERICA FAREWELL!

WHAT KIND OF ROPE IS THIS?? IT FEELS LIKE RUBBER!

A SPECIAL SPUN GLASS OF MY OWN! IT CAN'T BREAK! IT EXPANDS--- BUT CONTRACTS ALSO AS YOU SOON SHALL LEARN!

THIS WILL MAKE IT EVEN COLDER DOWN HERE! AND WITH THE COLD, THE SPUN ROPE WILL CONTRACT MORE AND MORE CUTTING INTO YOUR FLESH AND CRUSHING THE LIFE FROM YOUR BODY! MISS AMERICA WILL BE NO MORE!

YOU HAD GAS HOLDERS TO WORK DOWN HERE IN ICED TEMPERATURE TO FASHION THE GLASS YOU ATTACHED TO THE DIFFERENT STATUES!

YOU ARE CLEVER! YES! SINCE THE GLASS WOULD MELT AT ROOM TEMPERATURE!

IT WAS SO SIMPLE! AN EXTRA PETAL ON A FLOWER! A BIT OF EXTRA FEATHER ON A BIRD! A SECOND HORN ON A UNICORN! AND ALL FILLED WITH THE GAS! HA-HA! AND NOW, ADIEU!

LEFT ALONE TO DIE, MISS AMERICA WITH A SUPREME EFFORT MANAGES TO STAGGER ERECT--

ENDURING EXCRUCIATING AGONY, MISS AMERICA IS REWARDED AS THE FLAME MELTS THE SPUN GLASS ROPE!

(GROAN) CAN'T - TAKE - MUCH MORE! I DID IT! I'M FREE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

ALL SET! LET'S GET GOING! WHAT THE--??

THE ELEVATOR! IT'S COMING UP!

MAISON CRISTAL

OBJECTS D'ART

YE-O-WW! A GHOST!

SHE--CAN'T BE ALIVE!

WHAT LUCK! THEY'RE JUST LEAVING!

BEFORE THE CAR CAN GET AWAY, MISS AMERICA IS IN THE AIR DESCRIBING A SERIES OF DIZZY SWOOPS IN AN EFFORT TO PREVENT THEIR ESCAPE!

OH, OH! THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH THAT POLE!

CRASH!

HELP! HELP! SAVE ME!

I'LL SAVE YOU-- FOR A DIFFERENT TYPE OF HEAT! I REFER TO THE HOT SEAT!

MISS HEATHERBY

From page 17

was no doubt I had accomplished the trick. A bump on the back of my head proved it. All this was in the dark days before Miss Heatherby, when I did not know that "nature made us as we are."

Miss Heatherby came to our town every Tuesday afternoon. She made a circuit of New Jersey towns. The days of the week were recorded by the names of the towns she visited. For instance, if your mother asked her to take dinner at your house to meet a visiting relative on say, a Monday, Miss Heatherby would consider, squint her eyes and say: "That's Asbury Park; yes, I can make it."

Only Sunday retained its identity for Miss Heatherby. The remainder of the days of the week were: Asbury Park, Long Branch, Red Bank, Trenton, Lakewood, and the big day when she would step over the state boundaries, Philadelphia. Miss Heatherby was proud to include Philadelphia in her schedule. She would invariably work it into the conversation. "I was in Philadelphia the other day—one of my classes, you know. . . ."

In those days Pavlowa was taking the country by storm. She was not, however, making much of an impression on Miss Heatherby.

"Dancing is a joyous form of self-expression. When it becomes forced, it is like a flower out of season. You must let yourself go, naturally. Have music in your soul," she would tell us.

I found it rather difficult to let myself go, naturally, and almost impossible to have music in my soul when we were laboriously doing four hops on the right, four hops on the left, to the music of the "Stephenie Gavotte," with Miss Heatherby beating out the rhythm with a little stick.

"Get the music in your brain. Your feet will follow." They generally did, a long way behind.

Another sure formula for getting that ingrown feeling of music was the "street dance." "When you walk along the street," Miss Heatherby would tell us, "walk with a waltz in your brain. One, two three, one, two three, one, two three." I tried it, because anything Miss Heatherby said must be the thing to do. It became a habit—an annoying habit. Just you try walking with a waltz in your brain some morning when you are late for school!

Still, Tuesday afternoons at three thirty found us expectantly assembled in Gulick Hall, over the Gulick bakery, a dozen girls in white blouses and black accordion-pleated skirts, all identically like Miss Heatherby's.

Traitorously, I cut a picture of Pavlowa from a Sunday newspaper and hung it in my room. I liked her sleek coiffure and pallid face. Being something of a rebel in those days, I endeavored to achieve a similar effect with the aid of half a bottle of brilliantine and some face powder filched from my mother.

Miss Heatherby eyed me disapprovingly, but reprimanded me only in a general sort of way. Addressing the class she said:

"In the matter of dress and style, we must all be individuals. Let your own personality permeate your whole being." Then, with a sharp look in my direction, she added, "If you are not the type, it is silly to copy somebody merely because they have achieved some sort of fame. Glamor comes from your own individuality."

"Gee! Maybe I better use a monocle!"

In those days glamor was not in popular use, nor did we know anything about glamor girls. Miss Heatherby perhaps was ahead of her time. She wore her hair in a pompadour, with a mass of ringlets tossed gayly over the crown of her head—as nature, no doubt, intended. The ringlets were frizzy and lacking in luster, like a newborn permanent wave.

Most of the girls spent hours bringing out their individual glamor, coaxing lazy pompadours into a standing position, and tossing ringlets with studied carelessness over the crowns of their heads. After my unsuccessful imitation of Pavlowa, I tried it, too. If our faultless imitations were lacking in a display of imagination, Miss Heatherby never complained about it. We were a dozen small replicas of Miss Heatherby, just as nature intended.

We used to whisper in the dressing rooms concerning her love life. Did she have a sweetheart? Had she ever been kissed? Would she ever marry? But these questions defied answer. There was something as impersonal as the moon about Miss Heatherby. Today, we might even say she "was out of this world."

One day last winter, I saw her. It must be twenty years since those days at Gulick Hall. Yet, as she approached me, with her little black satchel in hand, I was sure it was the same satchel that used to hold her ballet slippers and accordion-pleated skirt. I could have sworn that she was walking with a waltz in her brain! One, two three, one, two three, one, two three. But now, a slight limp, brought on by time and twenty years of teaching girls to dance the "Stephenie Gavotte," caused a little halt in her rhythm. Nature seemed to be keeping up with her old tricks, making us as we are!

SO YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

From page 18

You know all the answers, but what are you going to answer to? Johnny either never knew, or has completely forgotten the cues. The silence slowly grows ominous.

There is, of course, a remedy for the situation and it consists of forgetting all about the answers. At this crucial point, it is the questions that count. It is squarely up to you to rescue the conversation which is painfully struggling with its last wheezing gasp.

You can, of course, ask Johnny how he likes camp, and he can answer "Fine," which won't advance matters much. Dimly, you begin to perceive that it is going to be an uphill battle.

But it needn't be. The question and answer method of making conversation carries its own rules like any other game.

In the first place, try to avoid questions which might be answered by a simple yes or no. Instead, substitute queries which he has to answer by an expression of opinion. Everyone has a pet peeve or a roaring enthusiasm about some subject, and part of your task is to discover the topic which will unlock the floodgates of Johnny's reserve.

For example, how does the food at camp compare with his mother's? Or you remember that Johnny was always late to first class and you ask him how he likes getting up at six in the morning these days.

"Six?" Johnny groans. "Lady, I have to report for inspection at three. Have you ever been awake at three o'clock in the morning, when life is at its grimmest?"

You admit that you were once awake at three o'clock with an appendicitis attack and you ask him what in the world they find to do in the army before noon. Johnny leans forward, takes a deep breath, fire kindles behind his eyes and the conversation is off to a flying start.

There is one horrible pitfall in the questions and answers game. If it isn't handled subtly, you can sound absurdly like the beautiful lady spy, and Johnny will clam up from force of habit. As a matter of fact, you don't really care how many men there are in his company or his battalion, so why inquire? General information about army life is a lot more interesting and will make you sound like a worldly, informed creature when Bill gets his furlough next month.

The questions and answers system is the best way to get a conversation started, but if carried too far—it will begin to sound like an interview. After you have hit on some topic which seems mutually interesting, the talk will continue to roll of its own momentum. Go along with it. Don't divert it by a question on some other, perhaps less interesting, subject.

The beauty of the system is that it can be used anywhere, any time, with any one. It works as well with Freddie in the Marines, as with Johnny in the Army, and as successfully with that new girl who just moved down the street as with Aunt Minnie who raises sheep in Montana and has just arrived for her yearly visit.

To your surprise, Mom and Dad are back, and you wonder where the evening has gone. Johnny looks surprised too, which may or may not indicate that the hours haven't dragged on leaden feet for him, either.

You have an uneasy moment wondering whether Johnny suspects you might be compiling an encyclopedia, from the number of questions you asked.

You walk him to the door and Johnny mentions a dance the following night and would you like to go? Would you? Would you like to inherit a million dollars? Would you like to be Rita Hayworth?

"We'll continue our talk then," Johnny says.

Grinning, you wave goodnight. Good. Why, he never even suspected that your conversation consisted of hundreds of different and distinct question marks.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

From page 15

to brass tacks and charts her life with a major purpose in mind.

Later on she wavers between this boy and that. Should she go steady with Tom, or would Dick make a better sweetheart, or maybe Harry is the one and only for her? If she keeps it up she'll wind up grabbing the first male who proposes, for fear she'll be left a spinster.

If you are a mental stutterer —if you can't make up your mind—here's a little secret: Practically all of us have very definite preferences, including yourself. What appears at first to be indecision is really laziness of thought. We don't want to be bothered with making up our minds; we want someone else to do it for us, and if no one will, we just flounder about and get lost in the confusion.

"I can resist anything but temptation!"

Ask the mother who says to the family: "What do you want for dinner tonight, steak or chicken?" The reply is usually: "Oh, we don't care. Anything will be all right." Then, when she says: "Then it will be chicken," the family suddenly realizes that their favorite dish is steak. They just didn't have the habit of making up their minds.

Try this plan to cure mental stuttering. Promise yourself

(*Continued on page 43*)

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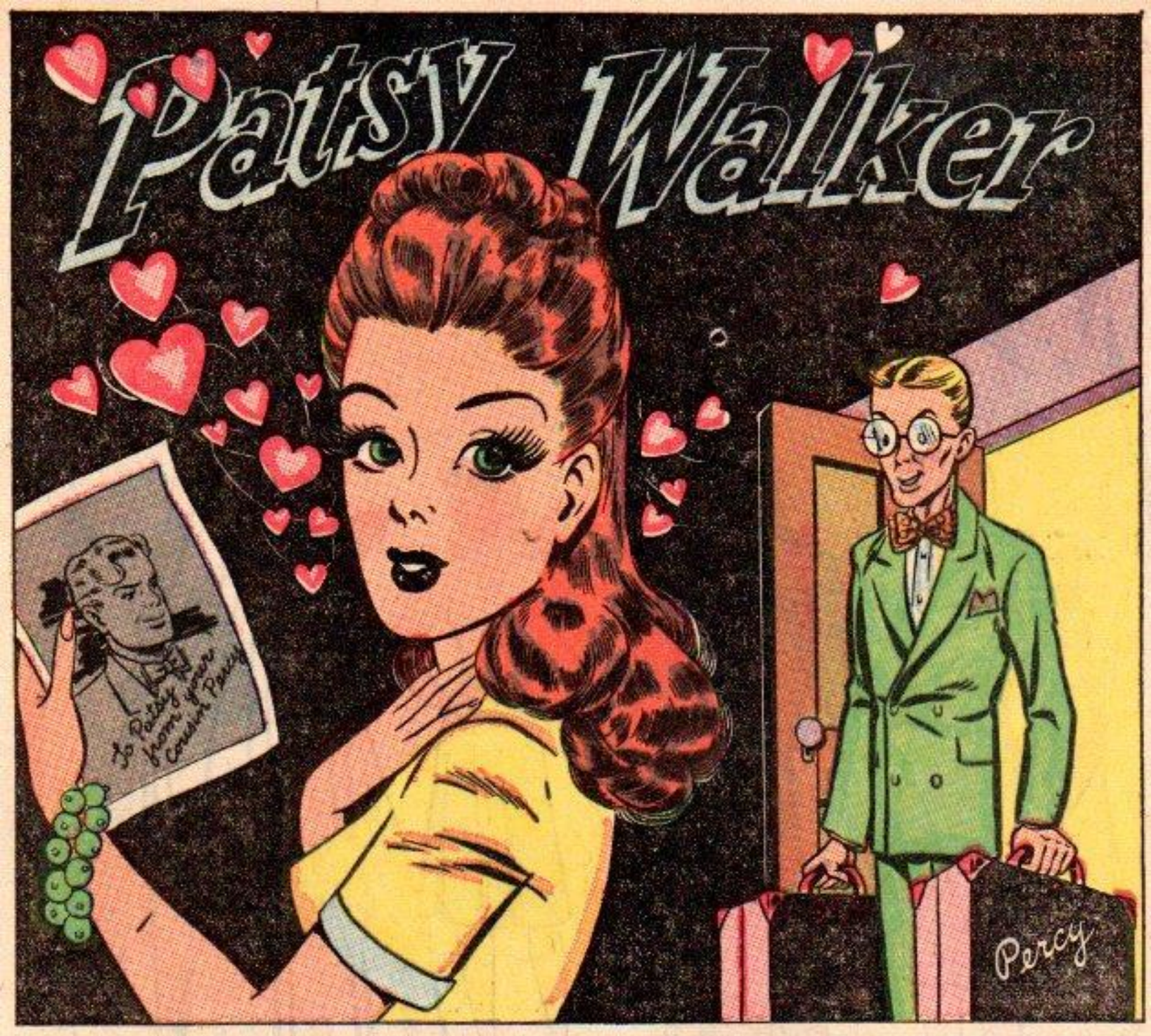


OUR STORY OPENS AT THE FRONT DOOR OF PATSY WALKER'S HOUSE, ON A PEACEFUL AFTERNOON—

FINALLY, MR. WALKER APPEARS— —

AND—A FEW MINUTES LATER

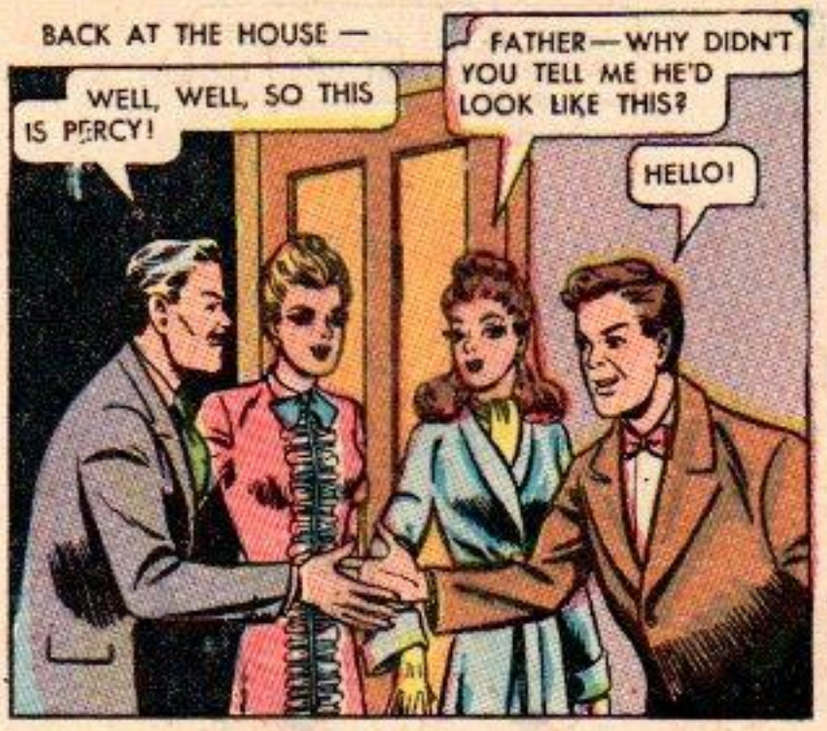
BUT I'VE HEARD THAT PERCY IS SO SKINNY AND WEAK THAT HE DOESN'T GO OUT ON A WINDY DAY!
NEVERTHELESS— YOU WILL GO RIGHT DOWN TO THE STATION AND WELCOME HIM!

HI, PATSY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
HELLO, BUZZ! I'M HEADED FOR THE STATION! A COUSIN OF MINE IS COMING TO VISIT US AND I'VE GOT TO MEET HIM!

—FIVE MINUTES LATER—

SAY, DID THIS YOUNG LADY FAINT? LET ME HELP!
WEAK, IS HE? HMMM, JUST WAIT'LL THE NEXT TIME I SEE PATSY!
WH — WHAT — ARE YOU PERCY?
WHY, YES! HOW'D YOU KNOW?
I'M PATSY! WELCOME TO FAIRMONT! MOM AND DAD ARE WAITING FOR YOU!
WELL, FINE! LET'S GO SEE THEM!
HELLO HEDY, MY, YOUR HAIR LOOKS NICE SINCE YOU STOPPED USING PEROXIDE!
HELLO, PATSY DARLING! AREN'T YOU GETTING FAT?
WHO WAS THAT?
THAT WAS HEDY WOLFE — ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS!

BACK AT THE HOUSE —



AND, THAT NIGHT, A PLEASANT EVENING IS HAD BY ALL — — — — —

IN BED, PATSY DAY-DREAMS!

ON THE STAIRS, PATSY SEES — — —

HEAVENS! THAT'S PERCY! AND—OUR——
SAFE—IT'S OPEN—HE'S ——OH, NO!
BOY, THAT WAS EASY!

WHAT'LL I DO? I CAN'T TELL MOM AND DAD THAT THEIR OWN NEPHEW IS A COMMON—SOB—THIEF! OH DEAR!

HEY, EVERYBODY—WAKE UP—I CAUGHT A ROBBER!
GOODNESS!

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?
I CAUGHT THIS FELLOW LEAVING YOUR HOUSE BY THE WINDOW AND I SEE YOUR SAFE IS OPEN—SO—

PERCY! MY NEPHEW?
I MAY BE PERCY—BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS NEPHEW BUSINESS!

WAIT A MINUTE— WHO IS THIS?
M-ME? I-I'M PERCY—Y-YOUR NEPHEW!

YOU COME ALONG TO THE STATION WITH ME!
OK—OK—I DON'T UNDERSTAND—I GOT OFF THE TRAIN AND THIS GIRL SAID I WAS PERCY! WELL, MY NAME IS PERCY SO I WENT WITH HER!
HEAVENS! I PICKED THE WRONG PERCY!

I—I HOPE YOU'VE HAD NO TROUBLE BECAUSE OF ME!

THE NEXT MORNING—AFTER THINGS HAVE SMOOTHED DOWN— —
I HEAR THAT SIMPLY GOR-GEE-OUS MAN WITH PATSY YESTERDAY, WAS HER COUSIN! I'LL VISIT PATSY— —AFTER ALL—WE'RE NEIGHBORS!

I'M GOING TO SEE PATSY AND TELL HER WE'RE THRU! YESTERDAY WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE EVER LIED TO ME!
HELLO, PATSY DARLING!
HEDY! COME IN—YOU MUST MEET MY COUSIN! HELLO, BUZZ!

HEDY WOLFE AND BUZZ BAXTER—THIS IS MY COUSIN PERCY!
IS THAT PERCY!

IT WAS A SWELL IDEA, PATSY, SUGGESTING WE ALL GO TO A SHOW!
OH, WELL, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!
SAYS YOU!

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

From page 34

that for the next ten days you will make all minor decisions without hesitation, even if you choose wrongly. When choosing a dress in a store, pick the first one that draws your eye. When ordering food, order without pondering. Decide quickly on entertainment for the evening. Nothing catastrophic will occur as a result of these quick decisions, since only minor things are involved. The truth is you'll be amazed to find that almost invariably your choice will be the correct one for you, because what you are really doing is not deciding carelessly and at random, but, for perhaps the first time, giving your own preferences free reign. You'll pick the dress you like best, the movie you most want to see, etc.

You may say, "That's all very well, but what about the big things? After all, my career is more important than these minor decisions. My future ideal will be the foundation stone of my happiness. How can I learn to prevent my mind from stuttering when it comes to big decisions in which a mistake may be catastrophic?"

The answer is that decision is indivisible. A person can't be decisive and indecisive at the same time. If you acquire the habit of deciding quickly and correctly in minor matters, you will automatically stop your mental stuttering when it comes to major matters. If you learn to become the sort of girl who knows her mind and who can act upon her preferences, the world will be your apple and you will be among those who make the most of their lives.

One word of caution: Decisiveness is valueless to those whose judgment is poor. And since good judgment is simply another name for common sense, it is to be hoped that you have common sense. A Hollywood career isn't for you if you haven't the talent for the movies, and Fred, though he be handsome, is not for you if he drinks too much. In short, when you make up your mind, use your head.

SAVE SCRAP PAPER!

RIGHT—THIS WAY

From page 16

important than some girls seem to think. Polish isn't always necessary, but there are times when it's positively vital to know just exactly what to do in a given situation. A certain boy might think you're nature's gift to man, but if he sees that your carriage and deportment aren't up to scratch it's barely possible he'll be afraid to introduce you to his folks. You know how those things are. It pays to play safe and *know*.

It's amazing how teen-agers flounder when out on a date, despite the fact that they may be sure they know all the answers. I've seen girls hop out of trolleys leaving their escorts to follow them when common sense would tell them that a young man should alight first from any conveyance and offer his arm to help the young lady down.

There are many angles to this business of precedence. In the theatre, for instance, the young man should walk down the aisle before his fair companion, since the person with the ticket stubs should lead. Having reached the correct row, however, he steps aside and permits her to take her seat first. Incidentally, a young lady *never* takes the seat in the aisle when with a male escort.

In a restaurant, the girl goes first, following the head waiter. If there are two couples, the two misses walk on ahead, followed by the two misters.

And getting on a trolley or a bus or any other conveyance is a different matter from getting off. In this case, the lassie enters first with a little assistance, perhaps, from the laddie.

The lady leads when ascending or descending a stairway, unless it is dark or unless there is danger that she will trip and take an unexpected tumble.

He says, "It's not that I'm ignorant. I just don't know anything!"

At a party, or other function at a private home, when someone says "Dinner is served" or something like that, the female of the species may, with all correctness, take the arm of her strong and fearless male companion and gracefully ease into the dining room at his side.

I suppose everyone knows that when a couple go walking, the "he" walks on the roadway side or on the side on which the danger is greatest, for the safety of the "she" is always of paramount importance. Actually, of course, any danger that may strike will probably strike both of them, but assuming the position nearest the source of danger is a gallant little gesture that girls really ought to permit boys to make.

There are so many things besides correct precedence that girls should know if they are to be socially adequate! But your editor warned me I couldn't ramble on forever so they'll have to wait for future issues.

In the meantime, girls, I'll be waiting to hear from you.

Please feel free to write and tell us how, in your opinion, MISS AMERICA—your magazine, can be improved.

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 13

so undiplomatic to say, "I hadn't noticed it." Really, Betts, men can be so ignorant.

"Everyone says I'm Lana's double," I said, making with my Lana Turner stare no. 3.—the upsweep, soulful glance with three bats of the lashes.

"Well," Rusty considered. "Maybe. But you're brunette and Lana's blonde.".

"You men can't seem to understand," I informed him sweetly, "that most blondes come out of a bottle."

"Maybe," Rusty replied laughing, as though the possibility of my looking like Lana Turner was one big joke!

"Lana Turner was discovered sipping a malt in a malt shop—just like this," I said. "It could happen to me easily."

"Sometimes I think you are actually conceited, Miss Dunford," Rusty replied. Aren't men awful? And why do girls let them get away with it—is what I wonder?

Then and there, I resolved that Rusty would eat those words. Since he is the slickest chip on the whole campus—and since I expect to have him as the man who's going to propose to me some day, I must demand his respect and admiration. I want Rusty to feel: "Gee, am I lucky! I'm the luckiest man in the world—because I date the beautiful Victoria Dunford!" Isn't that right, Betts?

I got to thinking and thinking—! Then, suddenly, I had it! The one perfect idea!

Sally is a real blonde, as you know, but her mother keeps a bottle of peroxide and ammonia to keep her own hair light and golden. So I confided my plan to Sally. "Do you dare?" she asked. "Of course, I dare." I replied. "But you must help me. All I need is the loan of your mother's bottle of blonde bleach and the loan of your Aunt Rosemond's silver fox jacket—and it's a cinch!"

It took a lot of convincing to make Sally realize that we were just borrowing the coat for about two hours—and that we could get it back without Aunt Rosemond even missing it. And that besides, I would take the full responsibility of the whole matter. I would have borrowed Mom's mink-dyed muskrat, but Lana always wears silver fox. After all, if you're going to do a thing, it's best to do it properly—or not at all.

There was to be a big picture-premiere at Carthay Circle. My plan was for Sally and I to walk in as though I was Lana Turner! It was quite safe since Lana was in New York. I would be photographed as Miss Turner, and no one would know the difference. Then I could show the pictures of myself in the movie magazines to Rusty—and win his undying admiration for my cleverness—besides proving that I looked exactly like Lana Turner!

The most horrible part was bleaching my hair blonde. I knew Mom would never forgive me. We followed the directions, and. oh, Betts! it is the loveliest golden blonde—except where the roots are showing black already. But Pops says it will have to grow out and I'll have to go to school with blonde and black hair until it grows out all of the way. Isn't that more than mere mortal can bear, Betts?

"Bill is such a quiet dresser he won't even wear tongues in his shoes."

Sally and I spent all afternoon bleaching my hair while her mother was away playing bridge. Then I put on Sally's Aunt Rosemond's slinkiest black dress. We dressed my hair on top of my head in a swervy pomp like Lana does and put a jeweled clip on the side and the other on the low V-neck of my dress. And I practically poured a bottle of perfume on me and Sally's Aunt Rosemond's silver fox.

I looked like Lana, just exactly like she looked in a picture in SCREEN STARS, showing her at a premiere. Sally and I went to a movie to kill time—since we couldn't afford to have anyone see me—I looked so much like Lana. About eight o'clock, we took the Wilshire bus—out to Carthay Circle. Everyone on the bus kept nudging each other. Of course they recognized me as Lana Turner. I graciously turned to Sally and said, "I think it is more patriotic to ride the bus with gas-rationing and everything. Besides I have given my chauffeur leave to work in a defense plant." This all went over beautifully.

Two blocks from the theater we got out and walked slowly towards the lights and the crowds. Right in front—a policeman stopped us. "You can't go through here," he said, "without a permit."

"Why, officer," I smiled in my most provocative Lana Turner manner—soft and gentle and just wonderful, "don't you recognize Lana Turner?"

"Of course," he was very apologetic. "You moving picture stars look so different off the screen," he apologized.

"Make way for Miss Turner," he called—and the crowd parted. There was Sally and I actually walking up that ribboned walk with all of the lights—and the crowds applauding like mad.

The camera men came forward and said, "Please pose for a picture." .I graciously smiled and turned my head just the same way Lana does. Sally was scared almost to death and she

kept hanging on to my hand—and whispering, "Vicky, let's get out of here before something terrible happens."

"Shush—" I said. "This is just wonderful."

I was posing—and all of the camera bulbs were flashing—when——! When——! Really, Betts—I am still so horrified I can't put it into words. Well—there was a terrific sound of applause—and the loud speaker blared: "Here is the Real Lana Turner, Ladies and Gentlemen. Won't you say a few words into the mike, Miss Turner?"

The wire-service camera man quickly grabbed and ordered me, "Stay here for one second." The next thing I was face to face with Lana Turner! She was as gracious as could be. And the wire-service man was taking our picture together. The one you saw. I thought it was just too wonderful!

"I read in yesterday's movie column that you were in New York," I managed.

"Don't believe everything you read in the columns," she laughed. "I flew in this morning—and here I am."

"And here we are," Sally said woefully—and then she began to cry.

At that a policeman came over and said quietly, "Will you two young ladies please come this way." We were led right into an office. And were we given the third degree! Oh, Betts, it was most embarrassing.

"Do you know what happens to people who impersonate other people?" the officer asked.

We had no such knowledge. Sally broke into tears and said she was innocent. "Scare-baby," I muttered at her. Then he asked if we had parents? Wasn't that the silliest question? "Of course, we have parents," I said.

Then, "Have you a daughter who is a blonde, with a silver fox coat who is missing from home?" the officer asked Pops over the telephone.

Pops said definitely that he did NOT have a daughter who was blonde and who wore a silver fox coat! The officer had me speak to Pops—and Pops still couldn't believe it.

"You'd better come over to the theatre and identify her," the policeman told Pops.

An usher came in with word from Miss Lana Turner. She requested that no charges be made against me for impersonating her. And she also offered to pay two admissions for us to see the premiere, which would have been wonderful—except all of the seats were sold.

Ten minutes later Pops arrived, very worried. When he saw my blonde hair—I thought he was going to faint. "Your mother will never live through this," he said.

"You've got a real responsibility there. I don't envy you, Mr. Dunford," the policeman said, giving us into Pop's custody.

Pops took Sally and her Aunt Rosemond's fur coat home first. Sally's Aunt Rosemond had an insurance man there filling out forms for her stolen fur coat—which they thought had been taken by a sneak thief! Sally's mother was so upset—she said that I, Victoria Allen Dunford, was always getting Sally into schemes and mischief, that she thought it best for Sally and I not to associate or speak to each other anymore!

Then Pops took me home. "I'll go in and prepare your mother," he said. An hour later Mother took one look at me and shrieked, "Oh, your hair!" and started crying again.

This afternoon the papers came out with my picture with Lana and with me alone, and said, as you've probably read, "Victoria Dunford, fifteen-year-old movie fan, who crashed the premiere at Carthay Circle last night by posing as Lana Turner. Miss Turner graciously dismissed any thought of charges for the impersonation."

Oh, Betts, what do you think happened just now? Walter Millar was on the telephone. He has my picture pinned up on his bureau. He said he had always thought I was prettier than Lana—and that this picture in the paper proved it. Isn't that just too wonderful, Betts? I'm a pin-up girl in one man's world. Now if only Rusty will call—— I'll let you know.

Your faithful, loving and devoted,

Vicky.

Victoria Allen Dunford.

YOUR MANNERS ARE SHOWING

From page 14

of his devotion when a smooth-and-snazzy drops in. It's bad manners to hurt the feelings of a friend. It's good manners to make everybody happy if you can.

It's unforgiveable and unforgetable bad manners to break a date with a girl for a boy. If the boy ever dates you again, it won't be because he gives you a high rating in good sportsmanship, and if the girl ever dates you again, it's because she rates champion in sportsmanship. Both boy and girl will have your number for all time.

It's bad manners always to want your own way. Thumbs down on dragging your pal, boy or girl, to the movie you want to see, and good manners to talk it over and find one you both will enjoy. And when it's over and you come out into the big world again, it's bad manners to hold out for a soda if that's your crave, when with asking you might learn your pal hungers for a hot-dog with mustard on.

Your stock will go down if, when you see a boy and girl "carrying moonbeams home in a

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"It's not your money, of course, Horace, —it's only because you're so big and strong."

With her swift, skillful fingers, Helen counted the wounded man's pulse.

Helen Rogers Cadet Nurse

By Patricia Michael

It took courage and quick-thinking to out-wit the men who thought they could take the law into their own hands . . .

A RED light flashed on the desk of Mrs. Hollerinck, head nurse at Mercy Hospital. She lifted the receiver.

"Ambulance. Rush call," said the voice of the operator. "Bendler Street, corner Maxwell. No name given. Nature of accident not given. Call received at 9:07 p.m."

She pressed the button under the sign "Ambulance Ready Room."

In the Ready Room, the group of young girls in the neat uniforms of the Cadet Nurse Corps looked up, as the signal over the door began to flash.

One of them turned around. "It's your turn, Helen."

The girl so addressed got to her feet. She was a blonde with firm, pleasant features and clear blue eyes. She looked as if she had been born into a nurse's uniform.

"Here's the address slip," said Mrs. Hollerinck when Helen reported at her desk. "You'll have to go out alone with the driver. Dr. Herder is needed on the surgery ward. Doctor shortage, you know. If the case is serious bring him right in. If it's just a matter of first aid—well, use your own judgment."

Helen hurried into the yard where the ambulances were parked. Number Eight had its motor running and Jake, the driver, was sitting at the wheel ready to start.

"Where to?" he asked, as Helen climbed in beside him.

Helen told him. "Rush call," she added. "Better use the siren."

Jake pondered for a moment. "That's right at the outskirts of town. Wonder what could have happened out there."

He switched the siren on and they were going at top speed now, while traffic everywhere stopped to make room for them.

"Here we are. Bendler corner Maxwell." Jake brought the machine to a stop and looked around. It was dark outside and the nearest street lamp was a good fifty feet away.

Suddenly, the door was jerked open and a strong flashlight blinded their faces.

"The driver and a nurse," a coarse voice called out.

"No one in the back," another voice reported.

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Helen felt a sense of relief when at last she saw the young interne.

Miss America ★ ★ ★

YOUR MANNERS ARE SHOWING

From page 45

jar," you join them in their trek along the Milky Way. It's good manners to wave if you're seen at all, and cross the street to the other side. To invade another's privacy, even when it's right out in public, is impolite.

And when you have a date. Oh, little lady, listen and learn. It's rude to keep him waiting more than five minutes, and it's crowding your luck to give him time to wonder if he's asked the right girl, if you really want to go with him, if the evening's going to be fun or a flop. The five-minute stand-off is all right. But longer than that, no, no! While he's waiting for you, he's your guest. Be polite by being ready.

Speaking of guests, it's bad manners to have a blue print all made out, especially if it outlines things that *you* like to do. When a visiting girl is on your hands, have a heart, and plan what *she* likes. Don't take her skating till you learn if she likes to skate, or picnicing if bugs make her flesh creep, or for hikes if she's not accustomed to them. It's good manners to have her say, "Goodbye, and thank you for a wonderful time!" if she's had it, through your thoughtfulness, unselfishness and testing her tastes.

There's no worse exhibition of bad manners than talking too much. Talk yes, when you've really something to say. But to change to dialogue to monologue is taboo and boring as well. It's good manners to have your say—if that say is kind.

It's bad manners to suggest doing something that costs more than a friend can afford, even if you pay the bill yourself. It's good manners for you to treat to something within your friend's financial reach so that she won't be embarrassed when it's her turn.

It's bad manners to laugh when another is caught in a bad spot. Good manners to laugh when it's you.

It's bad manners to refer to jokes and incidents which a stranger in your midst doesn't know about. Good manners to act as if life began when he or she joined the group.

It all adds up to this—bad manners are a smallness of mind—good manners are a largeness of heart.

Think how you'd feel in the other person's place, and your manners can never go wrong.

SCHOOL IS FUN

From page 7

"Our teacher is just precious. She plays baseball with us. She's so friendly, but she doesn't let you off easy with your lessons. One day she was running for a base, and her high heel caught on something and down she went. She skinned her knee dreadfully. In a few weeks, however, she was back playing ball with us." Elizabeth adores her teacher—that was plain to see.

"At noon we file into the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary. Wallace Beery will be there with his little girl, Carol Ann. And Clark Gable will be sitting at the director's table. Lana Turner always looks like a dream dressed in something very glamorous. I love to see her with flowers on her hats and lots of veiling misting around her blonde hair," Elizabeth enthused. "It makes her look like a fairy princess. Sometimes, Kay Kyser and sometimes, Lucille Ball, with her red hair in bobbing curls, will be there.

"Of course, I am more thrilled when I see my own favorite, Greer Garson. This is not very often, because Miss Garson usually seems to have lunch in her dressing room.

"My greatest ambition is to grow up to be like Miss Garson in pictures," Elizabeth smiled. Looking at Elizabeth, it is a safe bet to say she will more likely grow up to resemble Vivien Leigh. Remember Vivien as

"Are you sure you'll have time for all of these, Tom?"

Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind?" Elizabeth has the Leigh coloring. Chestnut hair, blue eyes with long, thick, dark lashes, and rosy, very rosy, red cheeks. She stands four feet eleven inches and she weighs 90 pounds.

"I sat next to Miss Garson all through an opera at the Philharmonic," Elizabeth continued. "It was the most thrilling experience of my entire life. She is so beautiful. I talked to her and she talked to me. Daddy, who knows her, arranged it for me. I love the way Miss Garson pronounces my name. Her voice is like soft velvet. She was dressed in a handsome black gown with sequins and she wore a black fox coat. If I could be like her when I grow up!"

Ronald Colman is Elizabeth's other favorite actor. And besides Juanita Quigley at school, Margaret O'Brien is one of Elizabeth's very close friends. They love to play with their dogs and cats, and go to the movies.

"We used to go to the movies on Saturdays. But the lines are so long, and we've had to stand and wait for hours, so now we go on Friday nights," Elizabeth remarked.

At this point tea was served. Elizabeth's pretty young mother, who was formerly Sara Sothern, an American actress, who had been on the New York and London stages, joined us.

There was cinnamon toast, cookies and rich chocolate cake baked by the Taylors' cook. But Elizabeth skipped the cake and settled for toast. "I have to

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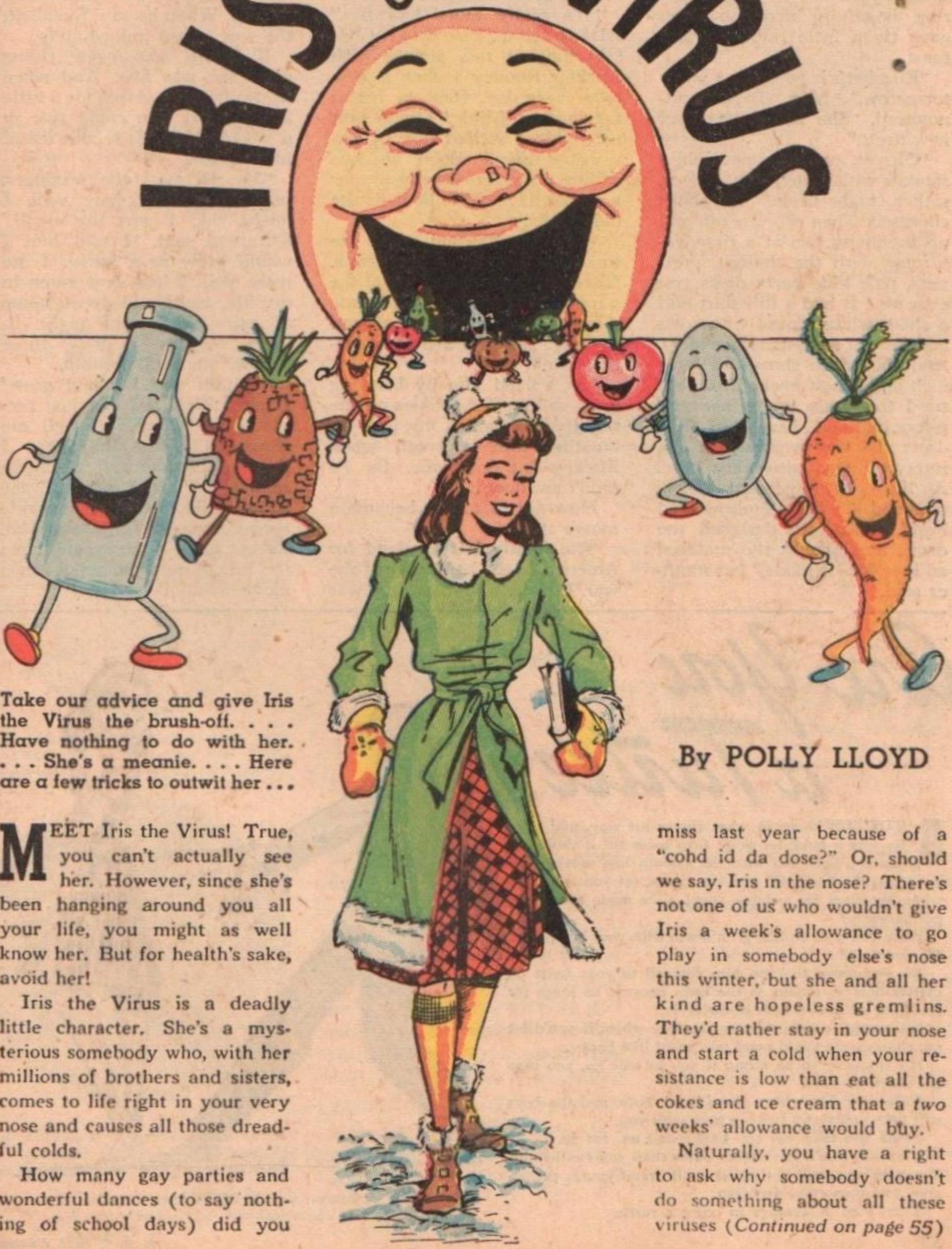
IRIS the VIRUS



Take our advice and give Iris the Virus the brush-off. . . . Have nothing to do with her. . . . She's a meanie. . . . Here are a few tricks to outwit her . . .

By POLLY LLOYD

MEET Iris the Virus! True, you can't actually see her. However, since she's been hanging around you all your life, you might as well know her. But for health's sake, avoid her!

Iris the Virus is a deadly little character. She's a mysterious somebody who, with her millions of brothers and sisters, comes to life right in your very nose and causes all those dreadful colds.

How many gay parties and wonderful dances (to say nothing of school days) did you miss last year because of a "cohd id da dose?" Or, should we say, Iris in the nose? There's not one of us who wouldn't give Iris a week's allowance to go play in somebody else's nose this winter, but she and all her kind are hopeless gremlins. They'd rather stay in your nose and start a cold when your resistance is low than eat all the cokes and ice cream that a *two* weeks' allowance would buy.

Naturally, you have a right to ask why somebody doesn't do something about all these viruses (*Continued on page 55*)

SCHOOL IS FUN

From page 48

watch myself so I will not put on any extra weight," she smiled. Jack and Jill began purring hopefully and Elizabeth gave them little tidbits of her toast.

"Elizabeth is going to a party tomorrow," Mrs. Taylor announced. "She has a beautiful new dress."

"Oh yes, and some new white sandals with little heels, in fact, rather high heels," Elizabeth chorused. Then she was off, and up the stairs two at a time, returning with the fluffiest, prettiest, pale blue party dress you ever saw. It had a full skirt and a sheer white blouse with rows and rows of ruffles and fine laces. And the white shoes did have inch and a half heels. Elizabeth tried the dress up to her and pirouetted on her toes. The dress she was wearing for the interview was also very cute. A little blue peasant gown, trimmed with embroidered braid. "Elizabeth designed the dress, and bought the material and we had it made," her mother said.

Elizabeth is in Grade Seven A, and she's one girl who loves school. Who wouldn't!

"It's really more like fun," Elizabeth acknowledged. "Working in this picture with Mickey Rooney meant a new joke every day. First, he began tagging me 'Lizzie.' I hate that nickname. I settled that by answering 'Sissy!' Soon he was calling me either by my proper name or 'Honey,' as he calls the older girls.

"One day Mickey asked me to look through a periscope. 'Turn the bottom and you'll see a funny picture,' he said. It made a horrible big, black ring around my eye. We had a time scrubbing it off.

"So I fixed him by bringing some salt stuffed cookies on the set. Juanita spoiled my joke by bursting into a laugh when Mickey bit into one. So he didn't swallow it."

How did Elizabeth become a movie star?

The family left England for America at the beginning of the war. Elizabeth's father, who was an air-raid warden, was talking with another air-raid warden, Mr. Sam Marx. Mr. Marx said he was looking for a little English girl for the McDowall picture. When he saw Elizabeth she was signed immediately.

Elizabeth has been riding since she was five. And when Metro began a search for a little English girl who could ride in a steeplechase, Elizabeth asked for the role.

"Mr. Berman, the producer, said no matter how well I might ride I was too small," Elizabeth said. "I told him I would grow in a hurry. I ate more than I had ever eaten in my life, and I added two hours of extra sleep each night. In three months I grew three inches," she said, proudly.

"'I told you I would grow,' I said. "Now if I can just persuade Mr. Mayer to sell me 'Prince Charles,' the horse I ride in the picture," Elizabeth smiled. "I loved him so," she added. "I'd really rather ride horses than do anything else. Except make pictures, and have the fun of going to school in a movie studio."

Are You a Turtle?

A TURTLE snaps at what comes his way, and once he gets a hold, he won't turn loose till it thunders.

When the keen lad with the smooth line moved into your neighborhood, did you lay a trap, set your cap, and when he asked for a date—snap!—you made him yours permanently?

Have you held on like grim death with your eye peeled for poachers?

Do you mean to keep him chained to your wrist no matter how he strains at the links because he longs for the spice of life—which is variety?

It's stupid to hold tight to one boy when, if you'd let go, chances are you'd meet one you'd like better.

It's cowardly to be afraid if you let one go, you may not catch another.

Ride your fun with a loose hand, lady, and the boys will push and shove to keep pace with you.

Smile and take 'em on. Laugh and let 'em go.

This way you'll have more dates than you can handle. But holding on till it thunders will brand you as possessive, and men crave freedom.

There's no percentage in being a turtle.

Whoopsie! Whatever you do DON'T keep that nice new guy tied to you chain fashion! You'll surely lose him.

If you want to be tops in charm (and who doesn't?) help yourself to these terrific tips . . .

Buy a pinafore that will mix or match with many different colors. A change of blouse—and presto! You have a lovely, new outfit.

By JOANNE FIST

Class Room Belles

CLASS ROOM BELLES are tops because they take tips. They take tips and put 'em together to come out tops.

Lots of gals are almost belles; in fact, they miss by half an eyebrow, that shouldn't have been there in the first place . . . and the reason they missed . . . well! It could be because they didn't know how to make the most of themselves.

For thick ankles: Stand in your bare feet and rise on your toes; then down again and up again. Repeat and repeat.

An ankle strap does wonders for heavy ankles, slims them down to practically nothing. Bet you didn't know that, eh?

To do that, you must know yourself. That sounds pretty simple, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, you probably think you do know yourself. But do you really? You have lived with yourself quite a few years. Yet, even so . . . Have you studied yourself in that full length mirror? Do you know what type you are? Are you short or long bodied? Round or long faced? Stubby or leggy? The best time to start was all the yesterdays, but if you haven't, the time to start is *right now*. So let's go!

Let's start way down with your feet.

If you have long and narrow ones, don't accentuate them with long, plain vamped shoes. Spend that precious shoe stamp carefully. Buy shoes with a design on the vamp which will give your foot an illusion of shortness. If, on the other hand, your foot is (*Continued on page* 58)

fashions from filmland...

"Gosh," we can hear you sigh, "what luscious clothes—but—" There are no buts about it. We know you're going to break your young heart because you think that they are so gosh-darned expensive, simply because Gloria Jean, successful and famous movie star, is wearing 'em. Stop sighing, right now! They certainly are not expensive. You can take Gloria's word for it. She wouldn't think of spending a mint for clothes when by shopping around, and being hep to what the younger set are wearing, she can have the most drooly dresses for a song . . .

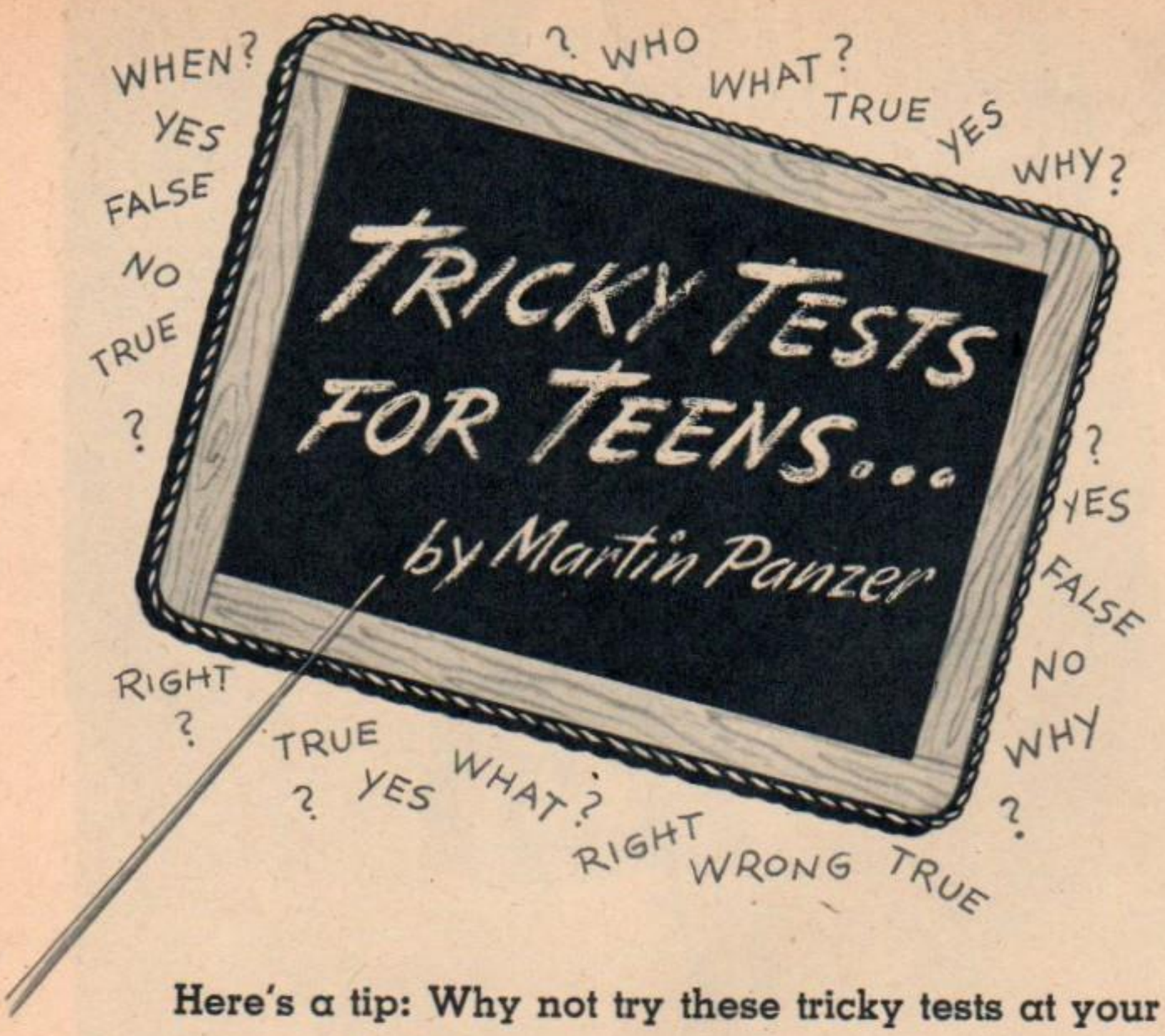
Keep tuned to MISS AMERICA fashion pages, girls, because together we can help you discover places and prices for the niftiest numbers in creation. Meanwhile, let's admire some of Gloria's favorite fashions . . .

Interrrrr-e-ducing . . . the belle of the ball . . . the queen of them all! . . . This breath-taking, beau-catching, skirt and blouse combination, is shown by Gloria Jean, at the season's first dance. The appliqued flowers, and the ruffled blouse create that peasant effect . . .

The rule, for school, is dual. First, simplicity, and second, smart tricks for trim . . . Gloria illustrates our point in this forest green wool dress, with matching twisted yarn rope lacing down the front, and finishing in a bow. Her hat is a pixie model of green velveteen . . .

Pretty as a picture, is Gloria Jean, Universal star of "The Reckless Age," and "I'll Remember April," in her new, woolen suit of gold and brown. The jacket is brief and fitted, with brown wool piping on the shoulders and around the bottom. The skirt is flared . . .

Here is the "top" coat of the season . . . wide, flappy pockets . . . that straight slit in the back, which you adore . . . shiny, pearl buttons leading up to large revers and collar . . . And for added appeal, Gloria's topped it with a navy, felt pill-box, with matching loops . . .



Here's a tip: Why not try these tricky tests at your next party. You'll have fun stumping your friends . . .

By MARTIN PANZER

ENGLISH

WHEN is that cute jitterboy "who" and when is he "whom"? Strip away all the technical definitions and the answer runs thus: When he's doing something, he's who and when something's being done to him, he's whom; when he's the subject, he's who; when he's the object, he's whom.

He's the boy WHO loves you, but he's the boy WHOM you love. If you run into difficulties with intervening phrases, eliminate them temporarily, and you'll find the solution. For instance: I met a boy (who or whom) I think is in the groove. Leave out "I think" and you'll see at once that you met a boy WHO is in the groove.

HISTORY

Now if that cute chap really is in the groove, he knows his American History. At the very least he knows the names of the original thirteen colonies from which this great nation sprang. If you want to send him, you'd better know them too, for he may turn out to be the boy *whom* you will want to marry. Don't tell him we told you they are: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia. You know, of course, that the thirteen stripes in the American flag symbolize the thirteen colonies. Well, anyhow, you know it now.

GEOGRAPHY

Are you a quiz kid? Would you like to be one? It's easy. All you have to do is learn the answers to all the questions. Thus, if anyone asks you what's the highest mountain in the world and how high it is, you answer, quick as a flash: "Mount Everest in the Himalayas, Indo-China—29,141 feet." Get the idea?

Here are a few more answers that will get you the $64.00: The longest river in the world is the Nile, in Africa—4,000 miles. The deepest spot ever found in the ocean is off the island of Mindanao, in the Philippines. When American bombers hit Japanese ships there they had to travel 35,400 feet to hit bottom. There are 55,885,000 square miles of land

WOLFGANG MOZART

in the world and 141,055,400 square miles of water. The lowest spot of land is in Palestine, at the Dead Sea: 1,292 feet below sea level. Now bring on your quizmaster!

ART

Michelangelo, whose full name was Michelangelo Buonarroti, was born in Florence, Italy, in 1475. Although his father considered painting and sculpture a rather undignified

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IRIS THE VIRUS

From page 49

before they have a chance to land in your little pink nostrils. Well, as a matter of fact, the scientists haven't been asleep. But so far, the only way they've found to exterminate Iris and her friends is by sterilizing the air, a very impractical way indeed. In summer, the sun's rays do the job, but during the winter it's not quite so easy. So far, the only known methods for sterilizing the air without the aid of Old Sol are by means of ultra-violet radiation and chemical vapors, the workings of which are a trifle complex. For the time being, unfortunately, you will have to outsmart Iris by yourself—if you don't want to go around sneezing and sniffling all winter.

Now that you know something about this energetic little imp, here are a few hints for giving her the slip. Ditto a cold:

1. See that the temperature of your house or room is about 65-68. Avoid exposing yourself to sudden changes of temperatures: chilling and damp atmospheres give Iris a chance to get in her licks, no matter how many sweaters you're wearing. Why? Because sudden chilling or dampness disturb circulation of the blood in the mucous membranes of the nose. And that's just what Iris is waiting for—remember?
2. Don't shy away from the open air in winter. That brisk walk to school is good for you!
3. Get plenty of rest.
4. Eat proper food—you know, plenty of milk, eggs, green vegetables and fruit for the vitamins needed to protect the lining of your nose from Iris and her chums.
5. Avoid persons with colds. Naturally, when someone has a cold it means that a lot of viruses are having a shindig in that someone's air-conditioner, and those viruses multiply like rabbits! So, stay away from even your best boy friend when he's got the sniffles. Well, if you just can't let him be, whatever you do, don't kiss him! You'd only be offering Iris a brand new, well-equipped playground.

In the event that Iris the kid, wriggles past your defenses, waste no time in taking a hot foot-bath, followed by a hot lemonade. Then go to bed. Yes, we know that that's what Granny always prescribes, but the funniest part of it is that Granny, according to the latest medical authorities, is righter than rain. Be sure to drink plenty of water and fruit juices, too, and concentrate on simple foods full of vitamins, instead of starches.

There now, don't say you weren't tipped off. Remember this little meeting with Iris the Virus, even though you really couldn't see her. If you do, all you fun-minded teen-agers are going to outsmart her good this year. Aren't you?

TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From page 54

business, Michelangelo showed great talent at a very early age and was permitted to carry on. He was a poet and an architect as well as a painter and a sculptor.

In 1508, Pope Julius II commissioned him to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. It was a vast work and took four years, but it is considered unrivalled in the history of painting.

Throughout his career — he died at the age of 88—he was concerned most deeply with the human form, and his subject matter was primarily religious. He did not care to depict landscapes, trees and flowers.

MUSIC

Ask the most musically-ignorant person to name two great composers and the chances are he'll say Beethoven and Mozart. Our subject for this month, therefore, is Wolfgang Amade Mozart — born 1756, died 1791.

In his brief thirty-five-year span of life, Mozart composed the following principal works: 16 masses; 21 operas, operettas and dramatic pieces; a number of arias, trios, quartets and choruses; about 40 songs; 41 symphonies; 28 serenades; 31 string quartets; 9 string quintets; 28 concertos; 46 sonatas for piano and violin and 21 sonatas for piano. His first opera was finished when he was 12.

Sadly enough, Mozart never received his just reward in his lifetime. He died poverty-stricken and was buried in a pauper's grave.

EXAM

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons again and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10 percent. Passing mark 60 percent. Good, 80 percent. Higher, excellent. Make up your own questions and quiz your friends.

1. Name the original thirteen colonies.
2. Use the correct word: "I told him he was the one (who or whom) I thought would win."
3. What, where and how long is the world's longest river?
4. What do the thirteen stripes in the flag symbolize?
5. How long did Mozart live?
6. Where was Michelangelo born, and when?
7. How do you know when to use "who" or "whom"?
8. Near what island in the Pacific is the ocean deepest?
9. What was Michelangelo's most important commission?
10. How was Mozart's genius rewarded?

Coming Soon!

Winners of the $1,000 Miss America "Tomorrow's World" Contest will be announced in an early issue!

HOLLYWOOD YOUNGER SET

From page 3

she doesn't dast wear a sweater. She is confining herself strictly to blouses. But 16-year-old Dotty's promised a swell break in the next Selznick super!

* * *

Shirley Temple went to New York to show the critics that she is SIXTEEN and is grown up. She went to "21" and the "Stork" and all the grown-up-adult swank spots. Places she'd never been before. Even so Shirley's too smart to drink—and bet you she never will.

* * *

Pvt. Lon McCallister, of all people, went stag to the "Winged Victory" party thrown at 20th Century-Fox. Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Vivian Blaine, George Raft, John Payne and Cesar Romero saw to it that Lon had a time for himself!

* * *

Jeanne Craine, faithful to Paul Brooks, collapsed on the set at her studio. Doc has ordered her home for rest and quiet which will temporarily curtail the lovely Jeanne's activities. But not for long.

* * *

Dick Jaeckel, your big moment, resigned from the Officers Training School in the Merchant Marine, to enlist as a regular seaman. It would have taken two years for Dick to have been sent overseas as an officer. But as a regular, he's seeing action now—and how!

Joyce Reynolds, who will next make "Junior Miss" for Warners' is sooo thrilled with her Scottie—named "Gammy"—for "Gamin"—which means urchin. And the giver—none other than Charles Boyer.

* * *

Jane Nigh and Jo Carroll Dennison in Fox's "Something for the Boys"—(and I think Fox has something there all right) are having a time for themselves taking guest-of-honor spots at officers' and U.S.O. clubs. "Simply wonderful fun"—they say. How about it, girls? Give your own U.S.O. and officers' clubs a break! You'll have more fun!

* * *

Fifteen seems to be neither here nor there, fish nor foul. In short, Jane Powell, on loan-out from Metro to make "High Among the Stars" for Charles Rogers, is in a controversial situation. The question is whether Jane should wear a teen-age girl's long body covering nightie in the film, or whether the garment should be one of the glamour-species. IS A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL GROWN UP OR IS SHE NOT? Well, Jane came up with this answer: "Shakespeare gave us Juliet, mature at that age, in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

* * *

Anne Gillis—believes in numerology. But not so her boss, Lou Costello. Anne, who played *Becky Thatcher* in "Tom Sawyer," has lingered—silently in the background these last few years. Then one night, Lou ran some movies at home for his children. One, "Mister Dynamite," showed Anne playing the part of a tomboy. Lou became so intrigued, and wondering how she looked today at sixteen—that he sent for her. Anne was given second lead in the Abbott and Costello picture "In Society" at Universal.

Here's Anne's version: "I had forgotten pictures and had registered at college. Then I added an 'E' to my name. I spell it A-N-N-E and I guess that did it."

Lou says it wasn't numerology. "It's what nature added to you, honey."

* * *

Jane Powell is wondering if Chris Drake, the good-looking 19-year-old Marine in her movie, is LOVE? But personally?

* * *

Joan Bennett's sixteen-year-old Diana took a copy of her beautiful mama's book, "How To Be Attractive," with her to Ethel Walker's school. The girls were so excited, that Joan is contemplating having the book published in pamphlet form so school kids can buy it. It gives —with—but some terrific advice. Not old-fashioned — but strictly today!

CADET NURSE

From page 47

"This is an ambulance," Jake protested. "We got a call. No time to play games."

"Just take it easy, pal, and nothing'll happen to you." It was the man with the coarse voice. "And in case you get any ideas . . ." Jake felt something metallic poking against his ribs.

"Get out from behind that wheel," the other man ordered. "And you too, nursie."

They climbed out and one of the men blindfolded them and led them back, where he got into the ambulance with them. The other man started the machine.

"What's the idea?" Jake asked angrily, as they were riding toward their unknown destination.

"I've lost so much weight jitterbugging"

"Don't ask so many questions," the man growled. Then he added, "The Chief's been hit. He's in a bad way. A bullet."

They had been riding for about fifteen minutes when the ambulance came to a sudden stop. The man at the wheel came around and told Helen to take the scarf off her eyes and step out. They were in front of a small house from which no light was showing. There were no other houses around. Helen took her bag and followed the man.

He pushed the door open in front of her. The room inside was littered with unwashed

glasses, half-empty bottles and old newspapers. At a table in the back a man and a young woman were playing cards. A gun was lying in front of them. As the door was being pushed open, the man at the table jumped up and leveled the gun at Helen.

"It's all right, Tucker," the man at the door reassured him. "It's the ambulance. But they haven't got a doctor on it. Just this little nurse here."

The girl came over to Helen now. "I'm Lola. And don't be scared; about the guns and all that, I mean. It's just a precaution."

"Where is the patient?" Helen asked coolly.

"Right in here." She led the way to a door from behind which indistinct moans were coming.

The room was dimly lighted and on the bed was the tall figure of a man. His shirt and the bed clothes were spattered with blood. Helen put her bag down and counted the man's pulse. Then, with swift, skillful fingers she examined the wound. The bullet had penetrated just between the heart and the stomach, and there was no telling what internal organs had been hit. Clearly a case for immediate operation, she thought.

"Is it bad?" Lola asked anxiously.

"I'll have to rush him to the hospital."

"I'll tell the boys," the girl shrugged, and walked out.

Helen prepared dressings and disinfectant. She put a syringe to boil over her little portable alcohol lamp and filed the top off an ampoule with sedative. Then she took another look at the man's face. It looked familiar. Suddenly, she realized who he was.

"Two-Gun Moran—" She gave a little cry under her breath. For days the papers had been full of the exploits of this dangerous gang, and the whole police force was looking for their hideout.

Helen pulled herself together. She tried to forget the newspapers. The man was her patient now, and she was the nurse. She injected the sedative and began to dress his wound.

Lola came back, followed by the fat man and by Tucker who was toying with his gun.

"What's that about getting him to the hospital?" the fat man snarled. "Listen, nursie. I want the Chief fixed up, and right here and now."

"I'm sorry," Helen gave back. "But I'm just a nurse. He is bleeding internally and he needs a doctor."

Moran was making some feeble motions. The fat man hurried over to the bedside. "Yes, Chief?" he asked solicitously.

"What's all that talk," the Chief whispered with a visible effort. "Get a doctor, and be quick about it."

"O.K. Chief, we'll get you a doctor." He walked out into the hall to where the telephone was. But Tucker stopped him.

"Are you crazy? You can't use this phone. We'd have the cops here in no time. I'll drive over to that booth on Bendler Street again."

Helen stepped forward. "I'd better go and make that call myself," she said. "The doctor will need some special instruments."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Tucker snapped. "You people are going to stay here until we can clear out." He looked at his gun. "Or maybe we'd better . . ."

"Never mind that now," Lola broke in. "We'll talk about that later. Here, write down what you need and we'll deliver the message." She tossed Helen a note pad.

Helen's brain was working feverishly; but outwardly she seemed unruffled and calm as she opened her pen, and began to write.

"Man with abdominal wound," the message read. "Can't be taken to hospital. Necessary to perform two-stage operation with indirect approach. Dr. O'Keefe has the necessary instruments."

Tucker read what she had written. "O.K. Come on, Fatty. We'll catch them at the same corner." The two men turned to go.

"Wait," Helen called; "be sure to ask for Dr. Herder, the ambulance surgeon, and give the message to him. Otherwise there might be some mix-up with the instruments."

"Sure, sure," Tucker muttered and walked out.

When they came back, they had Doctor Tom Herder with them and an ambulance driver. They locked the driver into the basement where they had put Jake.

When Helen saw the young doctor, she felt relieved. She caught his eye and he winked furtively at her. Then, turning calmly to the gangsters, he asked, "Where is the patient?"

They showed him into the room and Helen followed him. He examined the man and inserted a sterile instrument into the wound.

"That will take care of the bleeding for the moment," he whispered to Helen. Then, turning to the men who were crowding behind him—

"I'll have to operate on him at once or he'll bleed to death.

COULD BE . . .

Girls never know what they really want,
Boys say (sound of girls' laughter);
If it's lime they want lemon;
But they usually get what they're after.

Girls never say what they really mean,
Boys say (sound of more laughter);
If it's no they mean yes;
But they usually get what they're after

Girls never know what man they adore,
Boys say (a little more laughter);
First Bill and then Robert;
But they usually get him they're after.

I need all of you in here. You there, clear the table. You help me shove the bed under the light. And you . . ." He put them all to work in the room.

Suddenly, a voice boomed from the door.

"Hands up, all of you."

The gangsters drew together as if hit by lightning, but when they saw the three burly men with guns, two of them in police uniforms, their hands went up.

Doctor Tom who had kept right on working on his patient did not seem surprised in the least.

"Hello,. Inspector O'Keefe," he called without even turning around.

The inspector took a look at the wounded man. "By golly," he exclaimed. "It's Two-Gun Moran. A prize catch. You are to be congratulated, nurse." Then he added. "In the eight years I've been attached to the Hospital Squad I've seen a lot of things. But this one tops them all. How did you do it? What exactly happened before the doc rushed me out to trail his ambulance in a patrol car?"

Helen told her story. Then Tom took it up:

"When they phoned the message, I didn't get that about the two-stage operation, at first. But when I heard 'Doctor' O'Keefe, I knew that something was up. Then it dawned: Indirect approach in surgery means sneak approach; two stages—two cars; and that about the bullet wound . . . you are a smart kid, Helen. And brave. Hope you weren't frightened too badly."

The inspector turned around and busied himself with the prisoners. Behind him a doctor and a nurse were holding hands.

CLASS ROOM BELLES

From page 51

broad and stubby, don't wear a short vamp shoe. Wear a long one.

If that looking glass tells you that your ankles are too thick you can do something about it that works. It's simple, too, and you won't have to neglect one bit of Lit 4 or Math 5 to do it. Here's how: Stand in your bare feet and rise to your toes; then down again and up again. Do this about fifteen times at first, morning and night. Gradually increase the exercise until you can do it fifty times without feeling stiff leg muscles. In four months, look at your ankles again. Marlene Dietrich, Ann Sheridan and you will have something in common—and that something will be very pretty, too.

But while you're working at your ankle exercise and waiting for it to take effect, you can make your ankles look smaller and your calves well shaped by wearing seamless hose. Another ankle trick is an ankle strap. An ankle strap shoe does wonders for heavy ankles, slims them down to practically nothing.

THE OLD AND NEW

Class Room Belles manage to give old things a new look. It isn't magic, either. There's a smart trick to it, but magic—no, no! There's that sweater you wore and wore and wore last year. It's still good and you love it, but you're tired of it and have more than an inkling that that big he-man is tired of it, too. So what to do about it? That's simple. Buy two long scarves, knot them together on one shoulder and then again right below the waistline on the opposite side. The belt you'll wear with it will hold the scarves down firmly back and front. If you're wearing a plain sweater get narrow striped, matching scarves, or a small floral design print. But which ever you do, that old sweater will look better than ever and so will you.

If you want to do something for that blouse of yours, the one with the classic collar, take one of your dad's old ties, a bright one and cut off the ends. (It's a good idea to ask him before doing this.) Then sew snaps on the ends of the piece that's left so that you can fasten them in back under the collar. All you'll be able to see is a tiny bit of ribbon hugging your neck between the points of your collar.

BUDGETS FOR BELLES

If you're a Class Room Belle who buys her clothes on a budget . . . and who doesn't? . . . take some of that precious money and buy a simple pinafore dress. You won't ever get tired of it because you'll have different blouses to wear under it. Be sure though to buy a pinafore that will mix or match with many different colors. You must plan your various pinafore blouse changes as carefully as you plan your wardrobe. Wear simple, casual things that look as though you threw them together. But do look that way because they're carefully planned.

That's enough tips for now . . . but next month, after you've had time to try out a few of these . . . I'll be back with more. Until then . . . take tips to be tops!

TOO TRUE . . .

Arithmetic's a dreary thing,
It helps divide a nhumba;
But, goodness sakes, it doesn't help.
A girl to learn to rhumba.

And Greek's a silly subject, too,
With alpha, beta, gamma;
But, goodness sakes, it doesn't help,
A girl to capture glamma.

But French! Madame, je suis charmé,
With l'amour, toujours,
And, goodness sakes, it really helps,
L'amour—and me—endour.

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

Sound friendly advice from Aunt Nina...

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Dear Girls:

Your wonderful letters have made me so happy, that I could cry. The confidence you have shown in me, the secrets you have entrusted to my keeping, and the interesting questions you have asked, have given me the thrill of my life. I hope I can help every one of you. That's what I'm here for, and I'll do my best.

But please don't be disappointed if you don't hear from me right away. With so many new "nieces" on my correspondence list, it is going to take me a little time to get in touch with everybody. So when I receive a number of letters asking the same question, I shall answer them jointly in my article, as I have done this time. Don't be afraid, I *will not print your last name or your letter*, nor reply to anything strictly personal, in my column. Private matters will receive a personal answer by mail.

Darlings, I wish I could cry with you and laugh with you, in person. Please try to think I am right there with you when we discuss the things which are on your mind, will you? Because, when I read your letters, that's just how real *you* seem to *me!* So write freely and often and about everything!

Affectionately,

Aunt Nina

* * *

Right on the Nail:

Dear Frances K.

So you want long fingernails? Then *file* them, when necessary. Never cut them with scissors. Filing toughens your nails, cutting makes them more brittle. For that dry cuticle, rub well with lanolin or any other heavy cream and allow it to remain on over night at least three times a week. Consult your local druggist about a safe hair remover. A good depilatory is best for smooth gams.

Speaking About Talking:

Now Mary-Lou, you darling, there is nothing unusual or strange about the fact that you find it hard to keep up a conversation with a boy—that you laugh in the wrong places—and can't seem to get started talking with some fellow you just met. Your ailment is far more common than the measles. Your trouble probably lies in the fact that you *try to make up talk* instead of being relaxed and speaking naturally. When you can't think of what to say, why not ask him what he likes best to do, what his ambition is, what games he plays? Get him to talk about himself. Encourage him to enlarge on his opinions, and look interested, even if you're not. And don't forget, the chances are he is just as shy and tongue-tied as you are. He's only human, so don't be afraid. But he is also masculine, and therefore easily flattered. Admire something about him, even if it's only his necktie. Once he starts talking about himself, there will be no (*Continued on page* 64)

CHRISTMAS CLIMAX

From page 5

saddle shoes, but he knew that would bring a crack from Ray that would make the crowd laugh.

Mugsy never did anything to attract attention to himself. He was different from the rest because he lived on the wrong side of the tracks. The others had started kindergarten together, taken dancing lessons from Miss Ellen Key, skated together in winter, picnicked in summer. But Mugsy'd never had a pair of skates or a bike. He'd gone to grammar school in the lower part of town. But since there was only one high school, now he was a member of Junior High. Mugsy had as much right to go to the Christmas dance as anyone, but he hadn't asked a girl. He was going to stag just to see Betty in a party dress. "That'll be all the Christmas I want, or will get," he said to himself, as he dragged on his windbreaker and started for the door, "and it's enough."

He'd have given everything he ever expected to have, to walk home with Betty that noon, but he knew Ray would do that, so he turned to go out of the door. Before his hand touched the knob, it flew open. Mugsy saw—everybody in the room saw—

A tall, dark-eyed girl, in a fur coat with a silk bandana binding her black hair. "Hello!" she called to everybody in the room. "I heard voices so—well, I'm a lonesome gal looking for some fun."

Betty knew who she was—Alicia Dunbar, home from college for the holidays. She was nineteen, and as alluring as Cleopatra on the Nile. The boys and girls crowded around her struck dumb with admiration—all except Ray. He asked her what she thought of the decorations for the Christmas dance.

"Dance? Mister, did you say dance?" The eyes she turned on Ray were as bright as Kleig lights. "Oh, couldn't you make me an honorary member of your class just for tonight?"

"You're unanimously voted in!" Ray laughed and drew her hand through his arm as if he were twenty instead of sixteen.

"You're wonderful!" Alicia laughed. "If you'll walk along home with me, we'll make some plans."

Betty saw them go. All the class saw them go, except Mugsy. He only saw the look of fear in Betty's eyes.

Betty was trying her best to swallow her lunch over the lump in her throat when her mother called her to the phone. It was Ray.

"Look, Bets, Alicia wants me to drag her to our brawl." He sounded as if he were giving her a piece of good news. "So Mugsy's going to pick you up at eight. Okay?"

Betty laid the receiver in its cradle with fingers of ice. Ray had broken his date with her. He was going to take Alicia, the glamorous. He had turned her over to Mugsy who'd never been to a party, or dated a girl.

Through the long afternoon, Betty lay on her bed, vowing she'd pretend to be sick to get out of it, knowing that she couldn't, because she was president of her class. But she knew something else. She knew she couldn't hurt Mugsy the way Ray had hurt her. She couldn't do that and stand living with herself.

It was hard to hold back the tears when her mother slipped her dress over her shining head. When she'd selected the pink sprinkled with tiny silver stars, it had been for Ray.

She could hardly force herself to go down the hall to the living room because it was Mugsy who was waiting for her and not Ray.

"Gosh, Betty," Mugsy gasped, "you look like an angel topping a Christmas tree."

Betty made herself smile. "Thank you, Mugsy. That's the nicest compliment I ever had."

Maybe it's not going to be so bad, Betty thought as she walked beside Mugsy to the school. Maybe Ray will be sorry if I look like Mugsy said I do. Maybe the evening won't be so bad after all.

But the evening was terrible. Mugsy couldn't dance. He tried. He tried so hard that his hand on Betty's back perspired

This picture, we must say, is from Warners' "Hollywood Canteen"—but—Bob Hutton, so terrific in "Janie", was mobbed by a bevy of teenagers on a recent trip to New York. And that was no make-believe.

through her dress to the skin. He stepped on her new slippers, and bumped into every couple on the floor. Betty couldn't have stood it if she hadn't seen his eyes. They reminded her of her cocker spaniel's begging to be forgiven for what he couldn't help. Besides, she reminded herself, Mugsy hadn't gone to dancing school with the rest of them, and his sincere efforts made her want to cry.

Then something happened that made even the band skip a beat. Through the door and onto the dance floor burst a young man in uniform, shining brass buttons and gold shoulder bars.

"Darling!" Alicia shrieked louder than the band. "Darling, you're home!" She flew across the floor and flung herself into the soldier's arms. And right there, with all of Junior High watching them, they kissed. Then the soldier dragged her out of the door, and they were gone.

Betty wasn't dancing with Mugsy when Ray cut in. Betty didn't dance with Mugsy again. Mugsy didn't ask her anymore. He stood at the back of the stag line, hands dug deep in his pockets, face as still as stone.

Betty tried to make herself believe it was wonderful dancing with Ray, wonderful to have him back again. But she did wish Mugsy would stop looking as if he were just waiting to take her home.

That was exactly what Mugsy was doing—waiting to take Betty home. When the band finished swinging "Home Sweet Home," and the girls ran for their wraps before joining the boys out in the hall, Betty hung back, waited till all the others had gone. She wanted to give Mugsy time to leave before she ran out to join Ray.

Everybody had gone when finally Betty stepped from the auditorium into the hall. Ray and Mugsy stood there, both waiting for her. Betty stopped. She didn't know what to do.

"All right, smart guy!" Ray turned on Mugsy with a nasty smile. "Beat it! You're fired."

"Ray!" Betty gasped. "Don't talk to Mugsy like that!"

"Why not? I paid him three dollars to bring you to this shindig, so I can—"

Mugsy's fist shut his mouth, then mashed his nose. Ray went down with Mugsy on top of him.

Betty ran down the hall, down the steps, and all the way home alone in the dark. Once inside her own room, she flung herself on her bed and cried as she had never cried in her life. She never wanted to see Ray or Mugsy again. She hated them both.

But she saw Mugsy. The next morning before she had finished her breakfast, he knocked on the front door, and her mother opened it before Betty could stop her. Betty heard her mother say, "Come in, Mugsy. You and Betty can tell me all about the dance."

Mugsy didn't say that he hadn't brought Betty home. He said the dance was all right, and there he was facing Betty. Betty's mother looked from one to the other, then went out, and closed the door.

"I didn't take Ray's three dollars to pay me for taking you to the dance," he said. "I came to tell you I didn't take it for that."

"But you took it!" Betty snapped. "You know you did!"

Pvt. Andy Hotchkiss, her No. 1 admirer, and Shirley Temple played gin rummy between scenes on the "I'll Be Seeing You" set. The pair are great pals.

"I know I did. I came to tell you why."

"I'm not interested." Betty tossed her head.

"I'm going to tell you anyway, and you've got to listen even if you never speak to me again." He took a step toward her, looked her straight in the eyes. "I didn't know how to dance. I had to learn yesterday afternoon. I took Ray's three dollars so I could pay the lady who taught you—and him—and all the other kids—"

"Miss Ellen Key?" Betty cried. "But she only knows—"

"How to waltz," Mugsy finished, "and that band didn't play a waltz once, and I couldn't dance the other things."

"Oh, Mugsy—oh, golly—I'm sorry."

"*You're* sorry?" he growled. "How do you think I feel?" He jerked open the door, and was gone.

When Ray knocked at Betty's front door about noon, she caught her mother before she answered it. "Sh-h-h!" she whispered. "I don't want him to know we're home."

Her mother didn't ask where she was going when Betty slipped out a few minutes later.

Betty went across town and down past the railroad tracks to the little house where Mugsy lived. But she didn't have to go in. Mugsy saw her coming and came out to meet her.

"I came to—to wish you a Merry Christmas," then she laughed. "No, Mugsy, that's not the truth. I came to tell you it's all right with me that Ray paid for your dancing lessons. I—I think it's a good joke on him—all of it, I mean. His breaking his date with me, and then Alicia's running away from him with the man she loves—"

"She was just killing time with us kids because she was lonesome," Mugsy explained.

"Yes, I know, and now so does Ray." She slipped her hand through Mugsy's arm. "I haven't a thing to do this afternoon, have you?"

"Who, me?" Mugsy laughed. "You know I never have anything to do—much."

SOOT AND SATAN

From page 9

them. Judy and Sheila sat down on the bed.

"Safe," breathed Judy. "No one saw us."

At that moment, a shadow fell across the sill of the window. Something croaked, sputtered, then flopped awkwardly into the room, and began strutting across the floor.

"Here's old Soot, now," said Judy fondly.

The crow hopped up on a chair and stood with his back to them. Judy rose and began digging through the litter on the table. A small notebook came to her hand. She turned.

"I've a record here of all the things Soot has stolen so far. I mean those things that have been reported." She pursed her lips. "They make quite a list."

"I'll bet," said Sheila.

"He likes bright things best. He's taken a lot of thimbles, spoons and brooches from folks in town," said Judy. "Jeepers, I bet I've returned over ten dollars worth of spoons alone."

"Not counting what you've had to pay for."

Judy nodded. "But it's only natural for a crow to steal. They don't think it's stealing. They're just mischievous. Sometimes I think old Soot does it just to hear people squawk."

Sheila giggled.

Judy frowned at her. "You wouldn't laugh if he was yours. He keeps me in hot water all the time. That business of Mr. Fridley is the worst. Of course, Soot didn't realize that old watch fob and chain were so valuable."

"A hundred dollars — that's all."

Judy sighed. "So Mr. Fridley says."

"When's he going to start his lawsuit?"

"In two weeks, if my father doesn't settle. My father's plenty mad at me."

"What about Mrs. Emery's earrings?"

"She hasn't started any action —yet. I'm hoping to get this new bird trained to discover where Soot is cacheing all his booty and to probably follow him before that happens. Then all I have to do is watch the new crow to see where he goes."

Sheila shook her head dubiously. "I hope you're right. Soot has practically ruined your reputation around this town, you know. It's getting so that even being a friend of yours sort of puts a person under a cloud."

Judy lifted her chin. "Of course, Sheila, if you don't care to go around with me any more—"

"It's not me," said Sheila miserably, "it's my folks. My mother's pretty annoyed about that rhinestone pin Soot swiped."

"Well, my goodness," said Judy. "I promised her I'd get it back just as soon as I could."

"I know but—Judy."

"What?"

"But Judy, why don't you give it all up? Your pets, I mean?"

"Give it up! You're not serious!" Judy turned shocked blue eyes upon Sheila.

"I am, too. Judy, you'd be so much happier and—"

"But all this is—is preparation for my career. You know I want to be a lady lion tamer when I grow up. Give it up! Could Burbank give up plants? Could Shakespeare give up writing? Could Frank Sinatra—"

"This is entirely different," said Sheila, pleadingly.

But Judy wasn't listening. She cocked her head. "We better let the new crow out of the bag. He sounds restless. Wonder what we ought to name him?"

Sheila looked at her scratched finger. "Call him Satan," she said bitterly.

Gloria Jean and Ann Blyth had themselves a great time on Universal's "Beyond the Pecos" set. So don't start thinking the gals have turned Pirates.

WITHIN THREE days Satan had become tame enough to be given the freedom of the room. At the end of a week, he had learned to fly out of the window and return by himself. He was growing and filling out on the choice morsels Judy gave him.

"He's going to be even more —resourceful than Soot," Judy told Sheila, proudly, one day. "He's starting to hide things already. My plan is sure to work."

Braiding her hair in front of the mirror in Judy's room, Sheila looked doubtful.

Suddenly she gulped, stared at what she saw reflected in the mirror, swung and pointed at the window.

"L-look!"

From his favorite perch in the elm in the front yard, Satan had sailed down to alight on the window ledge, beady eyes gleaming with triumph. Something glinted, pink and white and crescent shaped, in his beak.

"Ulp," said Judy. "J-jeepers!"

The next instant Soot, too, had landed on the ledge and struck a hammerlike blow at the younger crow's beak.

Plunk! The prize dropped. Both birds went fluttering and flapping after it.

Judy and Sheila rushed to the window, hung out breathlessly.

Soot reached the ground first. He was stronger and faster. In a lightning lunge, he picked up Satan's treasure, and was off with it, sailing straight away into the blue. Angrily, Satan took after him, cawing hoarsely.

For a long horrified moment, Judy and Sheila looked into

each other's eyes.

"D-did you s-see what I s-saw?" Judy asked in a strained voice. "What'll I do, now?"

Sheila nodded. "You're in more trouble, Judy Vance. Maybe — maybe another lawsuit. And this time it was Satan's fault."

"What am I going to do now?" wailed Judy.

Sheila shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe you'd just better find out who owns it and offer to settle out of court. What does a thing like that cost?"

"Maybe five or ten dollars?"

"Five or ten! You're crazy. More like fifty. I know my grandmother mislaid hers once and—"

"Fifty!" gasped Judy. "Sheila, no!"

Sheila nodded. "Whoever owns that thing will be simply furious. People are pretty sensitive about such things. I remember how my grandmother—"

"Call up a dentist," Judy pleaded, "and find out for me. Please, Sheila—for my sake. I have to know the worst."

"But Judy, I don't—"

"Sheila, please! Don't desert me in my hour of need!" Judy gripped her arm. "Listen, I've got to follow those crows. There's just a chance I can find out where they've gone."

"Well—all right."

Judy shot through the door, down the stairs. Hurtling off the porch, she crossed the yard, then brought up suddenly, almost colliding with someone hurrying up the sidewalk.

It was a neighbor, Miss Prentiss. Miss Prentiss' face had a strangely sunken look. Swallowing, Judy tried to hurry past her. But Miss Prentiss caught her arm.

"Judy," she said with eery sibilance, "I guess you know what I've come after." She patted her lips. "It's a very serious matter."

"Miss Prentiss, I know—"

"My window was open," Miss Prentiss said, still indistinctly, "and I didn't think about your crows. I've got to have it back—quickly!"

"I—I'm just going after it now," Judy said desperately. "The crows flew off into a field."

Miss Prentiss trembled and looked at her watch. "You know I'm running for state legislator. I'm to make a very important speech before the Woman's Club at two o'clock. It's one-fifteen now."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Judy.

"Run fast!" said Miss Prentiss urgently, and still indistinctly.

Judy didn't need urging. She was flying across lots, scaling a fence.

"If I can just get my hands on those two crows," said Judy grimly, "I'll—I'll wring their necks!"

But first she had to get her hands on them. They'd flown into this field. She'd seen from her window, that much. It was a big field, studded here and there with tall trees and patches of brush.

Judy ran faster, looking everywhere, muttering under her breath. Then suddenly, she saw them. There they were, Soot and Satan, flying around a big tree. They were chasing each other, cawing, squawking. Then, alighting on a branch, they scolded each other, fluffed their feathers and flipped their tails.

Say "hello" to Loren Tindall, girls. He's new on the Hollywood horizon and, you can take our word for it, headin' for film fame. Look for him in Columbia's "Hello, Mom," soon to be released.

"I'll give you something to quarrel about," Judy whispered under her breath. Then aloud, coaxingly, "Come here, Soot!"

Soot didn't come.

"Come here, Satan!" Judy held out her hands. "Come here, boy."

Satan didn't come, either.

"If you won't come down," said Judy, "I'll have to climb up after you, and when I catch you—"

She was mad clear through. She began to shinny up the tree. The two crows were so busy quarreling she might be able to grab one, maybe both.

The tree was hard to climb. So big she couldn't get her arms all the way around the trunk. But she dug in knees and toes and kept on going. A few feet farther up there was a huge branch jutting out from the tree. She could rest there a moment.

Up—up. A few inches at a time. Now the branch was almost within reach. She was tired. Perspiration ran into her eyes. Her knees wobbled. The tips of her fingers burned.

"I—I don't think I can make it," she panted.

Then she caught sight of Soot. He had resentment in his eyes, and brooding suspicion. Apparently, he didn't like the idea of Judy's climbing up there. Satan was growing restless, too. They would probably fly away in another moment or two, and leave her stranded.

"Jeepers!" wailed Judy.

With all the strength she had, she made one last try. Her right hand caught hold of the branch. She pulled herself into the crotch of the tree, breathless.

"At least," she gasped, "I can rest here!"

At that moment, something caught her attention. Judy stared into the wide crevice made by the joining of the branch to the trunk. She shut her eyes, shook her head. Couldn't be. Impossible. Her lips moved soundlessly.

"Here it is," she managed finally in a hoarse voice. "All the stuff—all of it!"

Mr. Fridley's fob and chain. Mrs. Emery's earrings. Bottle

caps, thimbles, buttons. Judy blinked. And here, praise be, the very personal possession of Miss Prentiss. She could address the meeting, after all, and maybe get elected. There wouldn't be any lawsuits. She, Judy Vance, could hold up her head once more. She could walk proudly down Main Street, go anywhere—be free!

On a branch above Judy, Soot and Satan craned disapproving necks. Soot's tail drooped forlornly. Satan looked penitent. Both had lost possession of the treasures. It was a sad day for two hardworking crows.

"Judy! Oh, Judy—where are you?"

Judy peered down from her perch. It was Sheila, hot and breathless from running.

"Up here," sang out Judy.

Sheila looked up. "Whatever are you doing up there? Oh, you're after those bad birds—"

"They aren't really bad," Judy murmured. "Not bad at all, really."

"Not bad! Judy, when you hear what the dentist said, you'll want to wring their necks!"

"I wouldn't want anyone to wring my neck," said Judy. "Why should I wring theirs?" Quickly, she gathered up the booty and began sliding down the tree.

Sheila gaped. "Judy!"

"Trouble is, people don't understand crows. Sometimes, people don't understand me, either."

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 59

awkward pauses. Never show off to a boy or act superior—more dates are caught by flatterers than by show-offs. As for people talking about you behind your back, that's all nonsense, they are far too busy with their own affairs.

For B. di Y. The above goes for you, too, my dear. And stop worrying about not being a blonde. Cleopatra wasn't a blonde either, and she didn't do so badly.

* * *

Trouble with Mr. Wolf, Jr.
Dear Gloria and *also*
Dear Connie:

You, too, and a million other girls of all ages, have the same problem; how to keep a male being from wandering off to other females. This has been a No. 1 question since the days of Mother Eve, the only lady who had no competition. If I knew a sure cure, I'd certainly be in business. But I make a suggestion. You both say your boy friends tell you that you're the one and only, and yet they date other girls right in front of you. Why not have a quiet show-down and let the boys know you don't like it? If they are sincere, they won't do it again. But don't fool yourself: any boy who is really interested in one girl loses all desire to play the field. Don't be just one of a long list of phone numbers.

* * *

What's Cookin'? One sniff of this cold-weather snack and your friends will ask "What's cooking?" and mean just that. For these chilly evenings, how about entertaining the crowd at a kitchen supper, and not only serving Hamolas, but letting each guest cook his or her own? All you need is some ready-mixed pancake flour, milk, a few cups of finely chopped cooked ham, and a hot griddle. Add the milk to the ready-mix as directed on the package. Then add the chopped cooked ham, mix well and cook like ordinary pancakes. Use about one cup of the ham to each two and a half cups of flour. Serve with maple syrup and a hot drink.

A delicious variant is to use half a cup of chopped pecans instead of the ham, and serve with hot chocolate sauce, to which a little melted butter has been added.

* * *

Too-Good-Sports Department. Wanda, my dear, you are not the first athletic girl who has had date trouble. The truth is, the boys who share their sports and games with you and admire your proficiency, probably think of you as *one of themselves.* When they want a date, they want it with a feminine girl. So why not let the boys see that you are a girl first and an athlete second? Make your sports clothes attractive. Be a trifle helpless, and ask assistance in small things, such as letting the boy you skate with fasten your skates and shoes. Make the boys bait your hook, carry your equipment, and above all, let them out-do you in competitions once in a while, and then admire them openly for their "superior" masculine achievements! Your healthy life has given you a lovely body. Dress it simply but not too concealingly. Don't wear frills. You say you are plain. Then be chic. Do your hair in a sleek style, and use a harmless colored rinse to make it all one color. Be sure your make-up is fresh and appetizing looking. An extremely well-groomed girl with a good figure, need never worry about not having a pretty face.

"Will I look like Turner or Grable?"

* * *

Hair-raising Thought. Do you know that going without a hat makes certain types of hair streaky and discolored? If you have this trouble, stop going out bare-headed until your hair has a chance to grow back to its natural shade.

* * *

Saddest Sigh of the Month. You don't really care for him unless he can make you perfectly miserable!

★ ★ ★ *Miss America*

Beauty or Bust...

By FRANCES LANE

You'll give three cheers for this enlightening article from a world-famous beauty expert . . .

HIYA, Miss Young-and-Beautiful! Do you have beauty problems—well, of a sort. When you take your brand new lipstick out (maybe it's the first one you've ever owned exclusively) does Mother frown and say "Really dear, you shouldn't at your age!" Or do you never touch the stuff and all the girls say, "Poor Pale Face, you are really a dopey-drip not to do something about it." Or are you plastered with gobs and gooby gobs of makeup—that makes people stare and then titter!

There's a great deal (*Continued on page* 66)

Teen-age starlets Anne Rooney and Jean Davis getting advice from beauty expert Max Factor.

Mr. Factor holding up the mirror to show the fair-faced youngsters the magic results. Mr. Factor abhors heavy make-up for youngsters.

A close-up of Jean, 16, and Anne, 17, after their consultation with Mr. Factor. Jean's latest pix is "Swingtime Holiday"; Anne's, "Slightly Terrific."

BEAUTY OR BUST

From page 65

of unnecessary Mother Vs. Miss Young-and-Beautiful friction just because they seldom see eye-to-eye on how soon a teenager should start to use makeup; how much of it they should use; how much of it they should leave off.

Gloria de Haven, Diana Lynn, and Joyce Reynolds never, never have that made-up appearance in person. Soooo they're movie stars—they know how. Admitted: Experts do teach them. They should know and do. So how's about taking a tip from Hollywood's foremost make-up stylist and beauty advisor? If the film stars can afford to pay big fees to follow expert advice—surely any teenager will be glad to get it first hand and free—. And from undisputed authority.

Max Factor, Jr. in his elegant Hollywood salon declares that too many mothers are largely inclined to make the mistake of regarding their daughters as semi-infants when they are actually well on toward being young women. Consequently, these mothers seek to delay the Miss Young-and-Beautiful's use of make-up for a ridiculously long time.

It is reasonable to allow any girl who has passed her thirteenth birthday to tone her complexion with an extremely delicate application of face powder, brushed to near invisibility, if she wants to, says Mr. Factor. However, he prefers that girls should not indulge at this age, unless they express the desire. "Early mastery of the simple practice of powdering provides a good foundation for the mastery of the more complicated make-up practices which will come later.

"Lip-sticking, shouldn't be practiced before the age of 14 or 15, and it should be insisted that these applications be light and thin, and that they closely follow natural lip lines." Those exaggerated lip-lines; thick, sultry siren mouths—horrors!

"Seventeen is early enough to commence most of the practices of adult make-up, with this definitely including the use of cleansing cream and make-up foundation. Cheek rouge is not often artistically advisable before a girl is at least 17, and should then be used exceptionally sparingly, if at all. Eye shadow and eyelash make-up should not be used before the age of 17, and then only very sparingly."

If Miss Young-and-Beautiful with a dewey fresh clear skin and natural rose tints should personally ask Mr. Factor's advice, he'd most likely say, "You can't improve on nature, when a girl's 16—and beautiful. If you have no beauty problems—don't make them. There'll be time enough later. Come back then and we'll show you how to stay young and beautiful. With proper application you can be Miss Young-and-Beautiful all of your life. Just like the movie stars!"

Fingernails should never be neglected, no matter how young a girl might be. Mr. Factor advocates youngsters of five, six or seven years starting basic manicuring practice. Color enameled nails aren't advisable, however until a girl is at least 16, with with 17 and 18 actually being still more advisable ages for such embellishment.

When you girls start to practice make-up, go to Mother and ask her to see that you junior-teenagers are completely and correctly instructed. Too many mothers seem to assume that everyone automatically knows how to use cosmetics to artistic beauty advantage. This is not so. Cosmetic beautification must be studied and practiced. Be sure Mother knows correct make-up application for the teenager. Don't cover up the lovely bloom of the teen-age peach. Hope that Mother knows —best! For in these days of keen competition — it's beauty or bust.

★ ★ ★ *Miss America*

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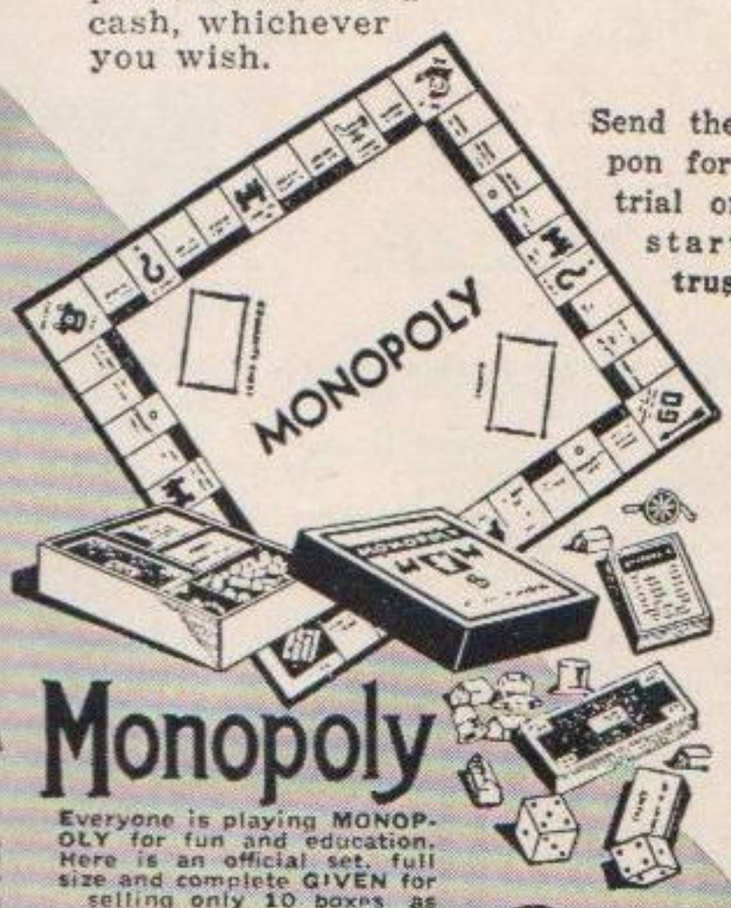

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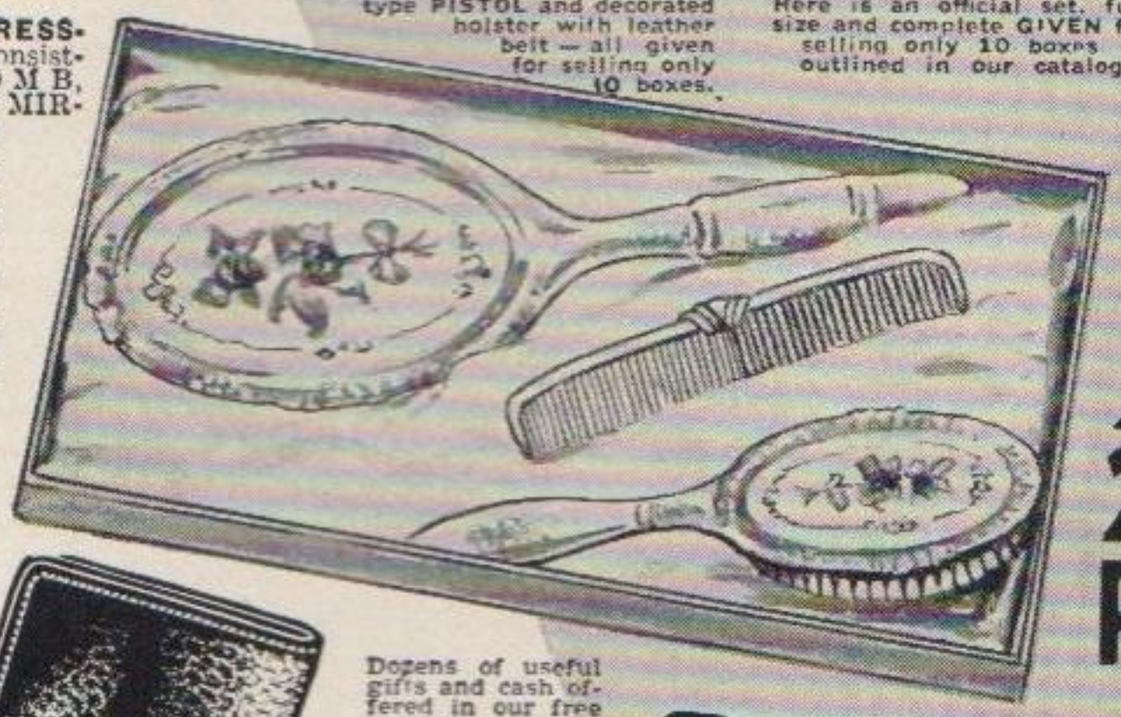

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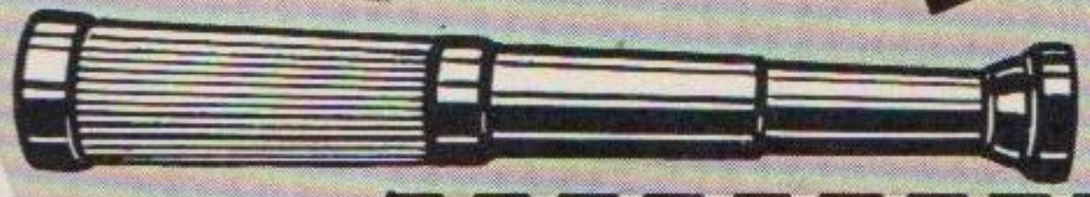

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19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
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32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
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35. How to be interesting talker.
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45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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